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THE

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MEMORY'S HAUNT.

BY MATTIE M. WEAVER.

There's a dim and dark old garden,
Far back in my childhood's time,
Where the Memory's Bells are ringing
Forever the same old chime.
There's a quaint, vine-covered arbor,
Whence the sound of voices come,
And I hear the merriest laughter—
Tho', to others, the garden is dumb.

And, down where the bank meets the river,
Comes the fairest of our fold;
And backward streams the splendor
Of her hair of floating gold.
Ah, darling with the sunny hair,
And darkly-beaming eyes!
Italian winds are sighing o'er
The low grave where she lies.

But in the quaint, old garden, where
We roamed in childhood's hours,
Her fair face smileth ever, 'mid
The low, vine-covered bowers.
Yes, in the dim, old garden,
That echoed back our glee,
Her light feet roam the olden paths;—
Ah, never dead to me!

And all the laughing ones who played
Within the grass-grown walls,
Can never leave it, though they roam
Afar in foreign halls;
For memory loveth the old place,
So haunted by the past,
And ever dwelleth in the realms
Where roam the loved and lost.

A HIDDEN WRONG:

OR,

Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

CHAPTER I.

"ANYWHERE OUT OF THE WORLD."

In a dark and disreputable street leading down to the river side, in one of our eastern cities, a coarse-faced, over-dressed woman walked slowly, as if waiting for some one, at the close of a cold and cheerless November day.

Pausing from time to time, and looking around her expectantly, she allowed her handsome dress to trail its flounces over the half-frozen gutters, and drew her rich velvet mantle closely over her shoulders, with more regard to warmth than grace.

She was evidently unused to her splendid apparel, and wore it uneasily, as one does whatever is strange and unsuitable to one's habits and manner of living.

Her temper was apparently ruffled by the delay of the person she looked for, and the street being almost empty of observers, she vented it freely in impatient and somewhat profane ejaculations.

"Where the ——can the fool be hidden that I can't see him?" she muttered, angrily. "I told him to wait for me, and we'd go up to Todd's Hole together and make old Sam give us some hot grub for a treat."

As she uttered these words, she reached a turn in the dirty street that opened full on the low river front, disclosing some rotting timbers, a boat or two dragged up on the wharf, and a battered old coal barge moored in close to shore.

Walking to and fro with a sullen sort of motion in front of these objects, was a short, thick-set man, decently dressed, yet wearing his clothes rather as a disguise than an adornment, for a certain air of slouching ferocity, apparent in every movement, showed his nature to be far less respectable than his outward habiliments.

As soon as he caught sight of the woman advancing toward him, he halted with a sound resembling a grunt, half-satisfied and half-accusing in character.

"So here you are at last, old Meg," he said, when, hastening her steps at sight of him, she reached his side. "Why didn't you keep me here all night without my supper, when I'm as hungry as a bear?"

"I'm a trifle late, Jim; but it's business, my dear," said the woman, in a cajoling tone; "and I've made a pretty fair day of it, too," she added.

"Well, you've done more than I have, then," grumbled Jim; "luck's down on me, and my pockets are dry as an old toper, while I'm as hungry as a shark."

"Well, we're sure of something hot at Sam Todd's, Jim," said Meg, in her comforting manner; "don't be out up because you've had a dull day. But how's Molly? I've got a good *plant* for you and her, Jim."

"Moll's carrying on like a cursed fool," said the fellow, roughly. "She's getting too much for me to manage, and if she takes any more of her raving fits I'll stop her mouth, confound her, I will. I ain't going to be blowed on by a crazy fool of a woman, I tell you, I ain't."

"Oh, fudge, Jim, don't lose your temper," said Meg, soothingly. "Poor Molly can't help drinking now, it's got to be a habit with her, and when she drinks she gets wild, and raves about her soul being lost, and her life being ruined, and such like nonsense. But what of that; when she's sober, or only half drunk, she's splendid in our trade, and can make herself up to pass for anything when she holds her tongue. No, no, Jim," continued Meg, "you must not break with Moll until we can get some one else in her place—unless you want to ruin the best part of our trade."

As she said this, the woman's cunning little eyes snapped with sharp meaning, and betrayed the secret motive of her soul, which she carried like a poisoned blade, sheathed in the soft seeming of her blandishing manner.

"Yes," she added, in a meaning undertone, "we must keep the hussy in humor till we can find some one to take her place. We can't spare her yet."

"ANYWHERE OUT OF THE WORLD."

"SHE'S GOING TO JUMP INTO THE RIVER, JIM," CRIED MEG, BREATHLESSLY. "SEE, SHE'S CREEPING OUT TO THE EDGE—SHE'S LEANING OVER. GOOD LORD! SHE'S GOING TO SPRING! SHE'S OVER!"

Her companion was less politic and more frank.

"I'll choke her windpipe, if I swing for it," he growled, "if she blows out again at Meadows as she did to-day. We'll have the mace and handcuff chaps in there when she tries it again, and then we're all in for *lagging*."

"But she sha'n't try it again, Jimmy," promised Meg. "I'll smooth her down, and keep her quiet."

They had followed the wharfage for a few paces, and come up abreast with the old coal barge. As the woman spoke she started, and pointing out before her to where the dark object made a darker shadow in the coming night, whispered—

"What's that, Jim? Look there—see—what *is* that?"

"It looks like a woman climbed out on that old hull, over the water there," answered the man, not sharing her tone nor her excitement. "Come on, Mother Worthy, I'm hungry, I tell you."

"But she's going to jump into the river, Jim," cried Meg, breathlessly. "See, she's creeping out to the edge—she's leaning over! Good Lord! she's going to spring! she's over!"

As she noted each of these changes of proceedings on the part of the unknown female, Mrs. Meg Worthy's voice grew louder and shriller, until the plunging of the figure in the water was accompanied by a scream, at the first sound of which her companion placed his hand over her mouth and called her sharply, "a squealing fool."

"You want to bring the police down on us, don't you?" he inquired bitterly. "What is it to us, if the gal's got through with her life, and wants to be quit of it?"

To this Mrs. Worthy returned no other reply than pushing him hurriedly before her toward the old boat.

"Climb down there, and get out on the edge," she cried, excitedly; "she'll be up in an instant, and be ready to catch her as she comes. Do you hear me, Jim? On your life, save that girl; I know what I'm about, and I tell you to do it. Do you hear?"

But, however ready to oblige Mrs. Worthy in other respects, Mr. Jim Ball declined to be in haste on this occasion, declaring, sullenly, that it was no business of theirs, and that the girl had a right to sink or swim, as she pleased.

She had risen once, and floated by the force of the receding tide past the end of the boat, from which she had first jumped. Without wasting words in argument, Mrs. Worthy caught her companion forcibly in her arms, and thrust him forward with the injunction—

"Do as I say, or you'll be sorry for it—save the girl, or we'll both live to rue it!"

Overcome by the combined force of her tone and action, the man obeyed her imperative command, and followed her directions by throwing himself over the side of the boat and reaching downward toward the water.

The drowning woman rose again, but this time at a greater distance from the place of her last appearance than Mrs. Worthy had calculated on.

Jim reached out twice, three times, but in vain, and she seemed sinking within a few feet of his grasp, whilst he remained powerless to save her.

"Reach farther—I'll hold you steady, Jim," cried Mrs. Worthy, who had reached his side, regardless of difficulties, under the impulse of her excitement; "there she is; another grapple, and you'll have her—seize her hair, it's floating toward you; there, you've got her, don't let go. Lord! what a narrow miss it was!"

Moved by strong determination to accomplish the task she had set about, Mrs. Worthy lent a powerful hand in raising the almost insensible figure from the river and landing it, shivering and dripping as it was, on the deck of the old barge, where they stood.

"Be handy with your brandy, Jim," she said, "she must have a drop to keep the cold out. Oh, you scamp, it's almost empty; but a drop's better than none—and now for a peep at my chance!"

As she said this she half-raised the girl's head, and swept back the wet masses of obscuring hair from her drooping face.

The night was dark, and the starlight and lamplight both shone dimly, but Mrs. Worthy seemed gifted with cat's-eyes, and the inspection appeared to prove most satisfactory.

"I'm in luck, by jingo!" she exclaimed, in a low concentrated tone; "the biggest kind of luck, too. The girl's a jewel, and Moll may rave her most, now, and we can do without her!"

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" Jim said, with a low whistle. "Well, you're a cunning dodge, but maybe your trick's useless, after all. You can't *force* the girl into service, you know."

Mrs. Worthy was rubbing the only partially-conscious creature's hands, and pouring the brandy down her throat with an ability that proved her to be equal to almost any emergency; she answered her companion's speech in the same low tone in which it was uttered—

"It's what the pious folks would call a Providence, Jim—and you must be blind if you can't see it," she whispered. "Does a girl that's got anything to hold her in life want to fling it away like this? No; she's just right for us—for she's done with everything else; and so, I say, we are in big luck to have been on hand here when she made the dip."

As she spoke she relaxed, for the moment, her supporting hold on her charge, who at the same instant roused herself sufficiently to her surroundings to understand her position, and shrink with horror from the life to which she had been restored.

With sudden strength she raised herself, and impelled by the frenzy of her mind, sprang forward to fling herself back into the dark water from which she had just been rescued.

Jim Ball caught her with his strong arm and threw her backward, so that she fell, sobbing and writhing convulsively on Meg Worthy's breast.

"That won't do, you know," he remarked, with a short laugh; "it was trouble enough fishing you out, and now that you're here you've got to stay. Give her another pull at the brandy-flask, old woman—that's what she needs, you know."

"Hush, Jim," remonstrated Mrs. Worthy, "she's one to be coaxed and led; I see her nature, and can manage her easy."

Then raising her voice so as to be heard by the unhappy girl herself, she began to soothe and caress her with a great show of pity and kindness.

"Something seems wrong to you, my dear, and that's what makes you so unhappy; but it will all come right soon, and you'll be gay as a lark, and full of spirits as a jumping jack. You're with a true friend now, my dear; I've had troubles of my own, and that's what makes me able to feel for you. My son here is an honorable fellow, whom you can trust as if he was your own brother; he's a little gruff and odd in his ways at times, but his heart's true, and we're both your friends, dear, remember that."

"Oh," moaned the unhappy girl, "I am not worthy of your goodness; I am so wretched, so hopeless, there is no place left for me in the world, and my despair drives me to leave it!"

"Ah, my love, you must not talk thus," said her new friend; "you must take hope and courage, for you are with those who will help and comfort you. I don't ask you to tell me your story," she continued, with artful sweetness; "let that be buried in silence, if it gives you pain to recall it; all I want you to do is to trust us, for we are willing to trust you and be your friends."

The poor girl's moans broke into sobs of intense feeling; the woman's words had touched her heart, and her tears beginning to flow freely, her overcharged brain found relief in their impetuous flood.

While she wept convulsively on Mrs. Worthy's bosom, that vigilant woman directed Jim to find a cab for them.

"There'll be likely to be a hack of some sort standing round the bridge," she said, in an undertone; "you go ahead and engage one while we come on slowly. She'll be able to walk when she gets over this cry; it's bound to do her good."

Then turning to her unhappy companion, she made what effort she could to put away her dripping hair, and wring out her burdened skirts.

"I've a warm jacket under this mantle, so I can spare it to you easily," she said. "No, no, I don't need it, and you must be kept from the cold, my dear. There now, you are comfortable, and we can go on together till we meet Jim with the hack, and when we get home before a warm fire, with a glass of punch to keep the chills off, you'll feel like a different creature, my pretty dear."

The poor girl murmured her broken thanks, still mixed with sorrowful sobs, and leaned on her new friend like one whose nature it was to cling to some kindly support.

Wrapped in the rich cloak that accorded so ill with her dripping garments, and having her wet masses of hair covered with the lace veil Mrs. Worthy took from her own bonnet for that purpose, she was able to move slowly forward, shielded by the friendly darkness from passing observation as they reached the less deserted streets.

Jim had sped so well with his mission, that they had not proceeded a hundred rods before they met him on the driver's seat of a coach that was coming toward them.

Bidding the driver stop at sight of them, Jim sprang down and helped the young girl into the vehicle as if she were an invalid; then mounting again as soon as Mrs. Worthy had followed, he bade the man drive on, and be quick, too, adding that "it was late enough for him to wait for supper, and he didn't mean to lose time in getting home."

Mrs. Worthy had said but one word to him as she entered the coach, but it served as a guide to the direction he gave the driver.

"Meadows" was what she had told him, and the place thus indicated seemed to lie in the lower part of the city, and amongst its least reputable streets, for the carriage, after rolling briskly through crowded ways, lined with retail shops of all characters and stages of dirt and show, turned into a by-street occupied by houses that had once been finer and more commodious than their surroundings, but were now in a state of decadence and neglect.

In the last of these, which was closed and deserted-looking, only a small light shone through the fan-shaped glass above the entrance door.

Here they stopped, and Mrs. Worthy alighting with briskness, helped her companion to follow, and assisted her up the steps with haste.

A key she carried gained her admittance without the ceremony of ringing, and they entered a dim-looking hall, along which they passed till they reached the door of an apartment at its farther end.

This Mrs. Worthy also opened with her own key, and the two women found themselves in a large room warmed by a coal fire and crowded with furniture and personal belongings of a varied character.

CHAPTER II.

MOLLY DANCE.

Mrs. Worthy's apartment was as incongruous in some respects as its mistress; articles of luxury and even splendor were piled in disordered profusion in its corners, and its two wardrobes seemed stuffed to bursting with wearing apparel of a similar character. Yet nothing corresponded with anything else, and chance rather than taste or appropriateness appeared to have governed their selection.

She was evidently a person without order or arrangement, for great confusion and want of system was apparent in her management.

She cleared a great easy-chair of its contents by tumbling them on the carpet, and drew it toward the glowing fire for her companion's reception.

"What is your name, my precious?" she asked, as the poor creature sank into its cushions. "I mean what shall I call you, you can keep your name a secret, too, if you want too, you know, you won't find us either hard or prying."

"I am called Lucy, ma'am," replied the other, in a faint voice, "I don't want to conceal anything from you—that is, only one thing which I have no right to tell."

"Well, Lucy, my pet, I'm going to give you a hot drink to begin with, and then I'll sort you out some dry duds. I've got plenty, and then you shall have your choice when you are able to look around you; but what you want now is rest and a chance to compose your feelings, and you shall have it, my child."

While she spoke, the woman bustled about and showed herself an adept at making punch, a large glass of which she brewed by the aid of the boiling kettle, a black bottle, some spices and sugar.

"Drink it, my jewel," she continued, placing it to Lucy's lips.

The girl started as if roused from a half-conscious state, and little by little, urged on by Meg's persuasions, swallowed the whole.

Then a warm, silk-lined gown was produced, with other suitable garments, and the wet things soon lay on the carpet in a heap, while the newly-dressed stranger, her feet supported on a large stool, lay back in sudden slumber in the great chair.

"Now, that's all right," soliloquized Mrs. Worthy, regarding her with a smile of satisfaction, as she disposed of the water-soaked clothing by kicking it into a distant corner with her foot. "She's easy, and when she wakes she'll be stronger, but mighty blue in her feelings. Never mind, all that is in my favor, and I'm in luck, for she's a real beauty, and no mistake."

A movement of her door-knob made her turn round quickly, and a large-headed, quizzical-faced boy looked in.

"Jim's a-raving with hunger, and says he won't wait supper another living minute for you," said the boy.

"Then let him begin now," said Mrs. Worthy, coolly. "I'm coming by and by, and he needn't wait."

"He's got Black Nan to fry some tripe, and he says he won't leave none," continued the young messenger. "You'd better stop it, if you want any, and so I tell you."

"Let him eat it, Pat, I can get a mouthful by and by, and there's something for me to do now," Meg said, decidedly, and as soon as the boy retired she fastened the door behind him.

Returning to the large table, near the sleeper's couch, she kept her eye fixed on her unconscious face while she began the performance of a curious rite.

She had thrown aside her jacket and outer wrappings, and lifting her skirt, she displayed an underlying network of pockets, which she commenced to empty.

Such a multifarious collection of articles as were drawn forth by her dexterous fingers certainly could not have been the result of one day's shopping, for not one of them were done up as storekeepers arrange their goods, but were merely rolled together and thrust into the various receptacles that surrounded her figure.

Rolls of costly lace, webs of handkerchiefs, pieces of silk, cambric and velvet, lace collars, gloves, bolts of ribbon, and bunches of feathers and jet ornaments, all were disgorged and laid side by side, until a pile and array so pretentious was reached, that Meg was forced to stop and regard them with pride and satisfaction.

"Now, I call that a fine lay-out," she remarked, in a satisfied tone; "but that ain't all. I've got something else that's in Jim's line, here. Ha, ha, ha! I just thought I'd try my luck in a snatch, and it came off beautiful, while the lady that owned it sailed away as unconscious as you please."

Chuckling with self-congratulation as she recalled the incident, she brought from its concealment a curiously-chased gold locket or miniature-case, that had evidently been separated from its supporting chain by some sharp instrument. It was large, and shaped like a double-cased watch, and as such Mrs. Worthy at first regarded it.

"It's a foreign affair, for here's a coat-of-arms, and some French stuff in writing," she continued, as she examined it; "and let me see, here's the place to open it—why, it's no watch at all, nothing but a picture-case. Pshaw! that's too bad. Well, never mind, I did it so neatly, I'll not be afraid to try for a *ticker* next time. Let's see what it all comes to," saying which she put the piece of jewelry on one side as not to be counted up, and ran over the other things at a singularly swift rate of calculation, naming each article at an exceedingly low rate—far, far beneath its original value.

"I'm going to be sharp with old Todd, as I'm not hard-up, and he shall pay me my price for these," she remarked, beginning to stow them away in a drawer of one of the already-full closets.

As she worked, her eyes rested from time to time on Lucy, and she continued to congratulate herself on her luck.

"Moll's got to be a worry and a dangerous tool to work with, now; Jim's always threatening to give her a clip, and that would bring us into trouble; but here's a girl easily managed, as I can see by her motions, gentle and quiet, and, better than all, sick of the world, and ready to be worked upon by any one who can win her over."

The door-knob rattled sharply, and Mrs. Worthy, with a glance of apprehension at the sleeper, lest the sound might rouse her, got down quickly and unfastened it.

A woman, still young, but with marked recklessness of face and manner, obscuring the light of what had once been a splendid beauty, flung herself in with an impatient ejaculation—

"Locked and barred, as if you were doing murder! Who's your victim, Meg?" she asked.

"Ah, Molly, is that you, my girl?" said Mrs. Worthy, whose manner was always blandishing when she was not too angry to control and disguise it. "Yes, there's a draught in the passage, and Pat's careless in shutting doors, you know, so I just slipped the bolt, you see—but not against you, Molly, dear, friends are always welcome, you know."

"Oh, yes, much of that!" said Molly shortly. She took off a gay but disordered sort of bonnet, and flung it on the table with the same half-defiant air that distinguished all her movements. Her magnificent black hair fell in one great coil, slowly untwisting itself through its own weight, and she dropped a scarlet-wrought shawl, displaying her fine though somewhat wasted form.

Her dark eyes burnt with a strange fever light, and her olive-tinted complexion was lighted with a burning glow on either cheek.

"You're not well, Molly," said Meg, remonstratingly; "you have no mercy on yourself, and you are just ruining your best powers, my dear."

At this Molly uttered a hollow laugh, and tossed back her head.

"Best powers!" she repeated. "The devil must be obliged to you for complimenting his service, Meg," she cried; "but, come, no shamming with me, because I know you. You've caught a girl to take my place, because you know as well as I do that my share of evil is nearly done in this world. Let's have a look at her."

"How you run on, Moll," said Meg, still remonstrant; "you know that in our trade we are always short of hands; and, as for taking your place, there's business enough for two. What we want is variety, and this one's a blonde, you see, a soft-spoken, fair-haired girl, with blue eyes, ready to swim in tears if you look at her. You're

on the flash-and-fire, cloud-and-lightning sort, you know, Molly, and, as a Spanish countess visiting her South American possessions, have no equal in the line; but Jim wanted some one for another lay, and this girl sort of dropped into our hands to-night."

"Poor wretch!—God help her!" cried Molly, with a groan; then she turned toward her, and stood for a moment or two looking at the sleeper's face with a curiously changing countenance.

"Why, you know her, Moll, it seems!" said Meg, who had watched every movement closely.

"Yes, I know her," Moll answered, in a slow and labored tone, but she did not raise her eyes nor move away, though the sight of the unconscious girl appeared to have filled her with painful emotions.

"Is there any reason why she won't suit us, Molly?" Meg asked, after another pause and further observation.

"None that I know of," said the other, rousing herself by a sudden effort. "Do what you please with her, and I haven't a word to say; she's cunning and sly as Satan, to begin with, and so you'll find her ready for your work—only don't bring her near me, it isn't safe—*for I hate her!*"

Mrs. Worthy uttered a low and almost inaudible whistle on hearing this, and, as if to change the current of her visitor's thoughts remarked, in a friendly manner—

"You've just come in, Molly, so we'll go down and have supper together; Pat says Nan has some tripe, and I smell coffee—it will do us both good."

Without in the least attending to these words, Moll moved a step nearer to the girl in the easy chair, and half raised a slender hand that fell from the cushioned arm.

"She's the daughter of a clerk called Barton, a man who has half ruined his family by experimenting away every penny he can get hold of. She's a milliner's girl, as you can see by the mark of the shield on her finger and by that pricked place there where she pushes the needle. Ah, she's a sly puss; you may know that by her face and the sound of her voice—you may teach her new tricks, but she can teach you cunning."

Again the queer-looking boy poked in his head at the door and delivered himself of a message from the invisible Nan, to the effect that if they wanted supper they must come and get it now, as she didn't mean to stand stewing over the fire all night.

Moll dropped the hand she had lifted and turned at the first sound of the boy's voice.

"Well, Patsy," she said, kindly, and her altered tone expressed a strange tenderness, to which the lad reciprocated in turn by uttering her name with equal fondness. "I hope you didn't wait for me to-night," she continued, in a low tone; "it's too bad to keep away so long, but I had a fit of wandering on me, and I've walked half over the town."

"Well, it's time enough—I wasn't hungry," said the boy, good-humoredly. "I never care for nothing when you ain't here."

"Too bad, too bad," murmured Molly, and took his hand in hers, patting it affectionately, as they descended the dark basement stairs together, but Mrs. Worthy stayed behind to see that her charge was in no danger, and carefully locked the door before she followed them below.

CHAPTER III.

THE BARTONS AND THEIR HONORED VISITOR.

The house of John Barton, clerk in a packing establishment on one of the larger city wharves, stood in a short, detached row, some distance from any other buildings, in the extreme western part of the city.

It was a neat though humble dwelling, as befitted his circumstances, but plain and inexpensive as it was, his two daughters had been brought up to lives of industry, and through necessity taught to assist in gaining the family living, for Allan, the only son, was, by his father's election, to be a gentleman and a scholar, and the expenses of his education had already made hard workers of his two sisters.

On the day following the rescue of the poor, poor girl from the river by Mrs. Worthy and her friend Jim Ball, Mrs. Barton and her daughter Marian sat at work in their small front sitting-room, hemming and frilling ruffles of delicate-colored silk to trim a ball dress for one of Miss Gauzewell's best customers.

Marian was Mrs. Barton's youngest girl, not yet twenty, but better grown and more womanly in mind and figure than her fair and slender sister Lucy, and therefore looking almost the elder of the two.

Even from her childhood she had displayed a ready and helpful nature, anxious to bear the pains and burdens of others, and always trying to make the most of her own strength.

She early arrived at the knowledge of her family's need, and set at once about doing her small part to relieve it. Being a quick and expert needlewoman, she offered herself to Miss Gauzewell as an assistant the very day after she left the ward school, where she and Lucy had received such education as their father considered it necessary for them to have.

For months she had worked for nearly nothing in the capacity of an apprentice, but for the last two years the dressmaker had allowed her a modest salary, and often praised her as one of the neatest and most reliable of her "hands."

It was a favor to the girl to be allowed to carry home her work and increase its quantity by gaining her mother's assistance, and it was in this way they happened to sit together this wintry afternoon, making the most of the waning light, while Allan with his pile of books and geometrical instruments absorbed the dying sunshine in the best window.

A guest occupied the best chair, a stuffed rocker, bought by the daughters' joint earnings, as a present for their mother after a long illness the winter before, but now embellished by a handsome tidy and kept as the seat of honor in the best room.

Their visitor was a lady with a pale complexion and delicately-formed features. She had a youthful air, though past the bloom of that sweet season, and her manner was a strange compound of extreme suavity and graciousness with an undercurrent of restless, nervous force, varied with quick flashes of suspicion or curiosity.

She was dressed with exquisite taste and studied effect, and seemed conscious of her by-no-means-faded beauty, and even used it a little for the fascination of the young student, who raised his eyes from his book occasionally to rest them admiringly on her fair person.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Barton, you do not know how happy you are in having so scholarly a son," she said, in her easiest tone; then she sighed and cast down her eyes with a melancholy shake of her head. "I do not mean to compliment Mr. Allan here, for you know I do not deal in empty speeches. I am only thinking of my own poor boy," she continued, in a saddened tone. "Eugene is a hopeless trifler, I fear, a character that of all others I detest; how sad then to find it illustrated in my only son!"

Marian bent more closely over her work, and her color grew scarlet, but she bit her lips, as if determined not to speak.

Mrs. Barton feeling herself called on for a remark, and in every case wishing to agree with her visitor, said that it was certainly a great pity, and shook her head, too.

"It is such a disappointment," continued the lady. "I had such dreams for him, such high hopes, but all are blasted and scattered, and I am doomed to see him pass an idle, degraded life without one noble thought, one refined ambition!"

"Oh, Mrs. Blanchard, *how* can you say so!" Marian broke out impetuously, evidently no longer able to restrain her indignant warmth. "Mr. Eugene has genius, absolute genius that soars above difficulty and persecution, and that will one day make him great and honored by many and is even now acknowledged by the few that know him well, and have no desire to be unjust or detract from his merits."

The lady turned herself about quickly and brought her keen dark eyes to bear on the flushed and trembling speaker.

"Has maiden modesty gone out of date, and do pretty girls champion young men into becoming their lovers!" she murmured, in a low tone. Then she laughed in her usual easy way, and said: "You are warm, my dear, but not quite reasonable; Eugene has a sort of knack at daubing paint on canvas, I will allow, but I was bold enough to desire a manly, intelligent occupation for my only son—something that would accord with his wealth and position."

Mrs. Barton murmured, "Certainly;" and Allan glanced over his book-pile as if to say, "Something in this line, for instance;" but Marian dropped her eyes on her work, and did not look up again.

"So Lucy has gone to New York," remarked Mrs. Blanchard after awhile, and in a changed tone. "I suppose she means to become a thorough business woman, and make quite a fortune," she added.

"Well, we hope she will do well," said Mrs. Barton, with a pleased smile. "And Mr. Barton, who certainly ought to understand business, since he has tried so many kinds, thinks that it will be the making of her. Madame de Fleury, the lady who sent for her, is a new hand, and the whole concern is to be carried on in first-class style, you know. Lucy is a good milliner, and knows how to trim beautifully, so her father thinks she's sure to be a partner in another year."

"I think you said Mrs. Fontleroy, her old employer, was unable to keep her any longer—ha?" said Mrs. Blanchard, fixing her cunning eyes on the mother, and waiting for her reply.

"Yes; Lucy said so; didn't she, Marian?" asked Mrs. Barton, turning to her daughter.

Marian said "Yes," in a reluctant tone, and, watching Mrs. Blanchard's face, secretly felt convinced that there was an evil intention lurking behind her questions.

She rose up to go, and seeing that Allan put aside his books to offer himself as her escort, she laughingly yet flatteringly rejected his gallantry.

"No, no, Mr. Allan, I cannot take you from your studies; but your sister here needs a breath of fresh air, which she can catch between this and the next square, where my carriage waits for me. Will you join me, my dear Miss Marian?"

As she turned to ask the question, Marian detected a strange meaning in her eyes, and instantly obeyed, putting on her bonnet without a word, and following her to the door, to which both Allan and his mother escorted her as a more than ordinary personage who had honored them by her presence.

When the two stood alone in the street together, Mrs. Blanchard's manner lost its insinuating suavity, and appeared sharp and decided.

"You announce yourself as my son's champion quite boldly," she said. "Have you calculated the consequences of braving his parents' displeasure, Miss Marian?"

"I have only spoken the truth," said Marian, her color flushing and fading painfully. "I know him to be undervalued and traduced, and I do not believe I should listen to it in silence."

"Do you mean to say that I am not the best judge of what is right for the boy? Do you attempt to doubt his mother's judgment?"

"His *mother* could not be so unjust to him," said Marian; the words were low, and evidently uttered with a great effort. "*But you are not his mother—your own lips have confessed that, and I have heard you speak the words!*"

For an instant Mrs. Blanchard became deadly white, and seemed to totter on her feet. She stood still and caught an iron post near her for support; but presently recovering her calmness, laughed lightly and answered: "Why what nonsense are you talking, child? But I have no time to waste in folly; I came to see you to-day because I meant to be your friend, and if you can be serious and listen to me you will learn why. Your Sister Lucy has trumped up a story to deceive the family, and her going to New York is a mere pretence. The girl is in the city at this moment."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Marian, breathlessly. "Lucy here, and deceiving us all—that is impossible!"

"Not at all," said the other, coolly, and evidently enjoying the alarm she excited. "I suspected the story when it was first told to me; and I saw her last night, hours after the train started, wandering out toward the river, with enough of secrecy and perturbation in her manner to excite my attention. I ordered my man to turn and drive after her as soon as she passed the carriage, but whether she saw and suspected my design of following her, or was merely bent on hiding herself from sight, I can't tell, I only know that she disappeared in a moment, and I could not trace her."

"It cannot be," said poor Marian, slowly; her broken voice betrayed an agony of suspense and fear, and her changing face showed plainly that many recollections flashing back on her, before unnoticed, helped to establish Mrs. Blanchard's words, and prove that her unhappy sister had really left them under strange circumstances, and with something on her mind.

"There is trouble, if not disgrace, surrounding Lucy's flight," said Mrs. Blanchard, continuing to speak in a cool, tormenting tone. "As your mother's old neighbor and good friend, I should have spoken to her on the subject; I preferred to favor you, however, and save the rest from the knowledge, though you scarce deserve my thoughtfulness."

"Thank you," Marian exclaimed, earnestly. "Whatever your motive may be, I thank you with all my heart for sparing them. I trust you are mistaken, and I would not have them needlessly alarmed," she added; but just at that moment a small, ragged-looking boy, with a large head and cunning eyes, drew closer to her side and uttered her name.

She turned quickly—and he held out a bit of folded paper, evidently the fly-leaf of a blank-book torn out for the purpose of a hasty note.

"Is that for me?" she asked, nervously, looking round on all sides, as if expecting to see some one who could explain the meaning of the scene.

"Is your name Miss Marian Barton?" asked the lad, quickly. "Yes, I see it is, 'cause you look like she said you would—and you are to read this and keep what it says a secret."

Marian took the paper in her hand, but it fell from her trembling fingers, and lay partly open on the ground at her feet.

Mrs. Blanchard snatched it up, gave its contents a hasty glance, and laughed triumphantly.

"I needed corroboration, and it comes to hand," she said; "this tells the story, and you will no longer try to brave my power."

Marian's whole frame trembled with the shock she had received, and for a time her reason and self-command refused to aid her. She looked helplessly after the receding boy, and held the note before her blurred and swimming eyes, without being able to understand its words.

"Your sister is in trouble, that's plain," continued her companion, in a business-like tone. "She needs help—and so will you. Now I am willing to keep your secret, and aid you, if need be; but listen and mark my words, Marian Barton—you must give me your promise in return, never to utter such a thought of Eugene and my relationship—and above all things, never to encourage him by word or glance of love, let him say what he may to you in the way of wooing."

The poor girl had been struck as by a cruel blow. The sudden knowledge of her sister's wretchedness had fallen on her like a physical injury, and deprived her for the time of the power to think or act. Now kind nature came to her relief in a burst of passionate weeping, and she sobbed from the depths of her suffering heart.

"I will promise anything, only spare my mother; only keep this dreadful story from the people at home, and I will give you my word to see Mr. Eugene no more. And as for love—oh! what have I to do with love or hope since such a blight has fallen on me and mine!"

"There, now, you talk like a sensible girl, and may rely on me as your friend. Go home quietly now, and take your rest before you obey the summons I see Lucy has sent you. If the secret is to be kept, you must not show a face like that at the tea-table to-night. Keep your counsel and rely on me."

As she said this, Mrs. Blanchard motioned to her coachman, who was awaiting her signal, and with another meaning look at Marian drove rapidly away.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE MYSTERY OF TRENDLEDEEP MANOR.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER LIV.

IN THE PARK.

Meanwhile Captain Walter Arundell, who did not prolong his stay at Trendledeep, ever wakeful to the feelings of others, even when most attentive to his own, rode down to the Red Lion to inquire after Mr. Meriton. He was better, but unable, as yet, to give any rational account of his accident. Mr. Grossbeak, however, was there, and detained Walter as long as he could, speaking of the events of the morning. He seemed surprised at the visit of Sir Vincent, and still more at the sudden amity which had sprung up between the two houses of Mordaunt.

"But I suppose the idea is to unite the two houses, and bring the broad acres of Trendledeep and Swallowheath Manor under one head?" said the crafty attorney.

"Probably," replied the captain; and, to change the subject, enlarged upon Mr. Hubert's sudden taste for improvements, and his determination to take a new steward and dairyman, which he had expressed to him during his short visit.

The other listened with a keen eye and sharp ear—with a sort of covert sneer upon his face.

"You don't believe in my friend's sudden conversion to agricultural pursuits," said Walter, with a hearty laugh. "He is not very bucolic."

"Foreign travel and foreign tastes are apt to unfit an Englishman for country life," observed the other, dryly.

The conversation continued in the same tone, and then, just as the captain prepared to return to his own hotel, a lady sent a message, expressing a wish to see him in a private room.

The soldier, considerably astonished, at once obeyed the summons, and in another moment found himself face to face with the Signorina della Rocca, who was unusually pale and anxious.

"I have just arrived," she said, "summoned on unexpected business. I heard you were in the house, and hastened to see you. Have you any trace of my daughter?"

"I have found her."

"Found her! Where?"

"She is at Trendledeep Manor, in the custody of Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt."

"By what claim? Great heavens!"

"That of parent," said Walter, looking at her keenly; "at least, that is his assertion."

"And Lucy?"

"Appears contented enough, except from her anxiety to see her mother."

"Can she see me?"

"With ease."

"In what way?"

"She is in no manner a prisoner, by no means. She receives visitors, rides and walks in the park—is, I fancy, on a kind of moral parole."

"Who visits her?"

"Your humble servant," said Walter Arundell, with a blush, "for one; Sir Vincent and Lady Mordaunt, with their son, Cecil, for others."

"Cecil Mordaunt! The young man is persevering. Have you spoken of your suit?" she continued, looking at him keenly.

"I have," he retorted; "but though, when in her presence, I feel hope, yet, when I reflect, it appears to me that her heart is faithful to its first affections; and that, I fear me, is Cecil Mordaunt."

"Lucy can never wed the heir of Sir Vincent Mordaunt, that is certain," she answered, bitterly. "But you say I can see my child?"

"I can take you to her whenever you choose—at midnight, when she walks in the park."

The signorina reflected for some minutes.

"It must be, then," she continued, with a sigh; "I must re-enter those accursed precincts. You will accompany me to-night?"

"I am at your orders, signorina."

"I thank you. You will understand more in a few days. The man I wish to see my daughter's husband has a right to a full explanation of my history and motives."

Captain Walter Arundell bowed with a somewhat melancholy smile.

"Hubert Treherne Mordaunt is the father of Lucy Mordaunt, I may venture to ask?"

"He is."

"He has spoken to me frankly, and assured me that nothing save the obscurity and mystery of my birth can in any way induce him to refuse me his consent. That mystery I hope in a day or so to clear up."

"Mystery! mystery! it appears to be the bane of all families. He does not favor, then, the suit of young Cecil?"

"Well, I believe that he has been very much influenced by this visit of Sir Vincent, made subsequently to my interview. He has accepted from him the promise of a steward. Mr. Mordaunt has, it appears, made up his mind to start as a thorough country gentleman."

"Has he?" observed the signorina, with a baleful light in her eye which startled the other. "One or two persons may have to say a word on that subject. But I must not be driven to explain. What will you do with yourself until the hour of our departure?"

"I will ride to my hotel, dine, and be at your orders at eleven o'clock," replied Walter.

"I shall count upon you," said the signorina, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"This is the most strange labyrinth in which I ever found myself," mused the captain, as he rode away. "I have the favor of apparently both father and mother, who detest each other cordially as far as I can see. I want only the favor of the young lady and—for conscience is an ugly monitor—the approval of my own self. For, Master Walter Arundell, though love may blind us somewhat, you have not acted quite fairly to Master Cecil. But he is a boy—a mere boy—and what is the passion of that age to the first deep love of mine? True, I have had other fancies—poor Eleanor attracted me by her gentleness and tenderness once; but she always seemed a sister, while Lucy is an angel. Besides, in love and war all stratagems are fair."

In this humor Captain Walter reached his inn, ordered dinner, drank an extra bottle of wine to pass the time away, and then lighting a cigar, walked the whole way to the Red Lion.

It had never struck him to be surprised at the presence of the signorina at this inn. In the present state of his mind nothing surprised him.

He walked as in a maze, and trusted to Providence to bring him out at the right end.

The night was very dark and cold, though dry, and without keen wind. Still, it was not a tempting evening for a lady to go out.

But when the tragic drama of life is being enacted—when the passions are aroused and events are rushing, as it were, toward a catastrophe—women of the gentlest nurture and the most frail constitution rouse themselves to action, and are by no means to be checked by slight physical considerations.

He first asked for Grossbeak, the hour being too early for his departure with the signorina; but Grossbeak had been out all the evening on business, they told him.

He asked for the Signorina della Rocca, and was told she would be down directly; in the meantime, they brought him a newspaper.

Into this he plunged with that determination which was characteristic of all his actions, and was quite lost in an interesting debate on military affairs when his name was pronounced in that well known voice, which was so nearly Italian in its softness.

He roused himself, and saw the signorina before him, wrapped up in furs, and so closely veiled that he could scarcely have recognized her had he not her by accident.

"It is time," she said.

"I am at your service. Do you walk?" he added.

"Yes; the tumult of my mind is so great, the night air will do me good. Besides, we shall be less observed and noticed."

Such is the power of human prescience, which cannot foresee one moment what will happen in this world.

The captain put on his hat, a thick outer coat, and, clutching a stick which from habit he always carried, offered his arm, and led the mother of the girl of his affections into the open air.

Such is the power of the great master passion, Love, that he, so utterly averse to mystery and deceit, was willing, in the cause of Lucy, to descend to what, if not treachery was something very much like it.

They followed the high-road for some time before they took the cross-road which led to the Ferry-gate entrance of the park, and followed it without meeting a living soul.

Once or twice in the distance they caught faintly the sound of a horse leisurely trotting, but, there being many roads, they paid no particular attention to this circumstance.

It was a quarter to twelve when they reached the entrance of the park, the wicket which Mr. Hubert Mordaunt himself had pointed out to the soldier. They paused and listened. Neither of them wished to be observed, and the sound of the horse's feet had appeared for some time to be coming continually nearer. They listened. The sound completely ceased.

Then, Captain Walter Arundell leading the way, they entered the park.

All was silent as the grave. They skirted the pool on the opposite side to that which Hubert Mordaunt had led his guest by, and thus gained a path that led along the wall of the park in the direction of the oaks, where Lucy and Martha walked for half an hour every night in freedom.

The signorina shuddered as she passed the pool, which was miserable and melancholy-looking to the last degree, but she made no remark. Both were overcome by the intensity of their feelings. Over the signorina there swept a host of memories of the past—of opportunities lost, and of the one great mistake of her life, which had embittered two existences, and made twenty years of woe, where love, and happiness, and joy should have been.

The captain felt very much like a soldier entering a garrison in a surreptitious manner, where, if not a traitor, he was, nevertheless, acting a part not exactly justified by the articles of war. A sense of shame, of hesitation and doubt, kept him silent.

They reached to within twenty feet of the oaks, and at once saw two female figures parading slowly up and down.

"Will you return toward the pool and await me?" said the signorina; "what I have to say to my child is strictly private."

"I will remain within call," replied the captain, and re-entered the pathway under the firs, where he lit a cigar, and strolled slowly along in a gloomy fit of reflection.

In a few minutes he reached a small open glade, where a tall, upright, slight figure of a man stood before him.

"Who and what are you who prowl about your neighbor's park at night?" said the stranger, clutching the other's arm.

"And pray, Mr. Cecil Mordaunt, by what right do you make yourself a spy and watcher?"

"Walter!"

"Yes. But a truce to any banter—we want no misunderstanding. I am here to unite a mother and child. I have no other explanation to give you."

"It was the signorina who entered with you?"

"Yes."

"Believe me, Walter, I have no unworthy motive in watching you," said Cecil, in a slightly melancholy voice. "I had spent the evening at ——, and on reaching the park walls rode slowly. When near the Ferry-gate, I halted mechanically, and looked over the walls, toward what, pardon me, is now my terrestrial paradise. Then I saw two figures, darkly muffled, creep rather than walk up to the gate, look keenly about them, and disappear."

Walter smiled.

"Fearing some danger to Lucy—she, who is the darling of my life, though she may never be my wife—I dismounted, fastened my horse, and followed. In an instant I was beside a dark pool of water, where I saw a sight that puzzled and alarmed me."

"Indeed! May I ask what it was?"

"Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt dragging the dark pool with what appeared a boat-hook. The moonlight fell on his face, and, my heavens! he looked so mad and terrible I dared scarcely accost him."

"Did he speak?"

"Yes; and his words were wild and incoherent. 'They can't have stolen it, it can't have run away, and yet I saw it fall in—down—down—down—to the depths of the bottomless pit. By heavens! it must be found and buried. No, no! No more to-night,' and he hurried away. At a loss what to do, I took this path toward the house, and here I am."

"Let us return. We have no right to pry into family secrets. Mr. Mordaunt is eccentric, and, at times, a little more. I hope he may not meet with the signorina; but let us speak of other things. We are rivals, but not, as yet, enemies."

"Not as yet!"

"Who knows what may happen? At all events, you will answer me candidly?"

"Certainly!"

"You love Lucy?"

"With all my heart and soul—as my life!"

"And yet, Cecil Mordaunt, you have everything else in life that you can ask for. You are the sole heir of a wealthy baronet, you have title, rank and consequence, you have the flower-garden of England to choose from. One moment! I am a soldier of fortune, with nothing but the name I have made, and a competency. If I fail in winning the love and hand of this fair girl, my hopes of happiness are gone forever. It is my last cast upon the board. Forgive me, then, if I strive with all a man's earnest will to win the prize."

"I would yield rank, fortune, name, all, to win this girl," cried Cecil, impetuously; "and mind you, Walter Arundell, this is no idle boast.

"I believe you; let us, then, say no more," responded the soldier, gravely. "I would not, to-night, that a frank explanation should end in a harsh discussion. Ah, that cry! I am called. Follow, if you will."

The captain, close to whose side the subaltern kept, ran swiftly along the path leading to the oaks without hearing any other sound.

But when they reached the spot where they had left the signorina in conference, as they supposed, with her daughter, no one was to be seen.

"Signorina! signorina!" said the captain, in a subdued but deeply-anxious voice.

No reply.

"What is to be done?" asked Cecil.

"Nothing," said the captain, dryly; "we are trespassing here. Our only resource is to leave now, and visit at Trendledeep early to-morrow, and see if Lucy—if Miss Mordaunt—be visible. We shall then be able to form our own conclusions. As it is so late, you had better camp with me."

"With pleasure," said the younger man, who felt the power and influence of his superior officer, despite the doubt, and fear, and jealousy which devoured his heart.

They rode to the hotel, and sat there smoking together for several hours, studiously, however, avoiding the subject nearest their hearts. At about daybreak they separated—Cecil, wearied and sad, to retire to rest, the soldier to ride over to the Red Lion and confer with Grossbeak, whom he found up, and in a most anxious state of mind.

"I have a great mind to apply to the nearest police magistrate for a search warrant," said the devoted adviser and friend of Mr. Meriton.

"Humph! but if the signorina be Hubert Mordaunt's wife?" urged Walter.

"Who put that idea in your head?" cried Grossbeak, quite tartly.

"Both claim to be the parents of Lucy."

"True."

"And the signorina asserted solemnly that the father of the young lady was, in reality, Hubert Treherne Mordaunt," continued Walter Arundell.

"Well, I can enter into no explanations. I thank you much for your kindness and thoughtfulness, and will reflect on what is to be done. I will not detain you longer, as I must consult with one who is better able to decide than I am."

Walter readily bowed his way out, and went back to his hotel.

CHAPTER LV.

THE ENEMIES IN PRESENCE.

We return to Trendledeep Manor.

Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, in a paroxysm of wild delirium, or rather fear, had gone forth that night with a vague idea of concealing all traces of the crime of which he believed himself guilty.

With a cunning and ferocity eminently characteristic, he had gone to the side of the stream, which wound picturesquely through a portion of the park, and taken a boat-hook from the house which sheltered the one vessel which navigated the narrow river.

Armed with this, and with the cold-blooded resolution of a semi-maniac, he crept to the pool.

By the time he had reached that spot, his mind was temporarily clouded, and he scarcely remembered the purport of his visit. Still, with a perfect fiendishness of resolution, he poked about the shallow depths of the water, working himself up to malicious desperation as he proceeded.

At length, wearied with his unavailing efforts, he concealed the boat-hook, and strode away with his usual cautious and stealthy step, which enabled him to defeat the vigilance of his own keepers and watchers—a source of perfect delight and malicious pleasure.

He knew every winding path of the most wild parts of the park. His way was now direct to the house, which he intended to enter by a way known only to himself. Suddenly he heard voices.

"Oh, mother, mother! why are we compelled to meet in this clandestine and miserable manner?" cried the voice of Lucy.

"No more: you will leave with me at once, and we shall be re-united forever."

"But, mother, I have given a solemn promise not to leave in secret, but to wait the permission of one who has a right to control me."

"May I ask who that is?"

"My father."

"His name?" she cried, with great bitterness.

"Mr. Hubert Mordaunt, the master of this house."

"The would be assassin of your father!" hissed the signorina: "the poisoner of your mother's joys, the author of all her miseries, the murderer of his steward—the vilest, most hideous, and wicked of men! Listen to me, my child."

"Oh, Heaven!" cried the young girl, "what am I to believe?"

"At least, you will believe the sacred word of your loving and devoted mother. This man, I swear to you upon my love, upon the true affection I bear to your deeply-injured father, has no claim on you. He is perjured to Heaven, to me, and your other parent.—You owe him no fealty—he is nothing to you. Come, then, and I will in security detail all his unheard-of infamy."

"I am bound to obey you, my mother."

"Not so fast," hissed Hubert Treherne Mordaunt, standing before them with four keepers, whom, by a slight whistle, unnoticed by the speakers, and even by Martha, who was generally so watchful, he had summoned; "you are trespassers on my land, and any explanations you have to offer must be made in my drawing-room. No words, if you would avoid violence."

One wild cry burst from the signorina, and then all three were hurried along toward the house, within which they were sheltered before Walter and his companion, Cecil, came up. As the master of the house—now quite calm, and alive to the dangers which menaced him—had said, they were ushered into the drawing-room, that is, the signorina and Lucy, for Martha was sent to her room and securely locked in.

"And now," said the master of Trendledeep, with a look of ineffable cunning and malice, "madam, my wife, welcome to the ancestral hall which you have abandoned too long, and of which you were once the sole heiress."

Without showing the great dread she really felt, the signorina replied in an unfaltering voice—

"And of which I am now, by my grandmother's will, the sole disposer!"

"Nay, pardon me, madam, I have in my pocket-book, which never leaves me, a certain document, by which you resign all claim whatever; by which you, during life, make a deed of gift of this fair domain to me."

"To you, wretch?"

"Am I not Hubert Treherne Mordaunt?" he asked, with an air of savage triumph.

"No! You are a wretch whose crimes are nearly at an end. The hour of vengeance is at hand. Before a week, Hubert Treherne Mordaunt will, in truth, reign here, while you will be driven forth with stripes."

"Woman!" he yelled, gnashing his teeth, and looking round him with that peculiar sense of dread which is peculiar to the inmate of a madhouse, "beware how you rouse the fiend in me! I am Hubert Treherne Mordaunt. Had there been any other person with equal right to this place, would he have allowed an estate, a wife, a daughter, to remain unclaimed? No, madam; the man who would do that must be mad—mad—mad! Do you hear me?"

"I do," she said, with a convulsive shudder: "but I am too weary and chilled to discuss the matter now."

"I shall have the honor to conduct you to your chamber," he answered, taking up a heavy silver candlestick.

Neither of the women spoke. They were, to tell the truth, too horrified and alarmed to give vent to their sentiments in words.

Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt with ceremonious politeness conducted them to a suite of rooms, which had been the apartments of the strange old woman who had made Lucy her heiress.

To protect her jewels and other valuables, as well as from the antiquity of the house, which had stood many a siege, the shutters were of iron.

"My servant," faltered Lucy.

"You will find everything you require," the other responded, coldly, as he opened the door and bowed them in, closing it rapidly and locking it.

The signorina turned round with a radiant smile, and pushed a couple of bolts.

"And now, my darling, we are free as air," she whispered, with a passionate embrace. "There you are, Martha. Thank you for the fire; we shall need it."

And the three women advanced toward the burning embers.

"Listen to me both," said the signorina, kneeling down, and motioning the others to do the same. "By placing us in this chamber, which was formerly mine, this man has given a convincing proof that he does not know the secrets of the House of Trendledeep."

"How so?"

"I will show you; but, before I do so, let me explain that I do not intend to flee, neither do I wish to do so. What has happened is quite providential. If we escort you, could you run to the village post-office to-night, Martha?"

"Certainly, madam."

"Draw the old arras curtain over the door, that no eavesdroppers may hear or see," she continued, in a low tone.

Martha obeyed, and the signorina drew from an elegant pocket-book pens, ink, paper, and a long envelope.

Seated at the table she wrote rapidly, covering several sheets of thin foreign note-paper. This she carefully sealed.

She directed it in a clear, bold hand—

"Mr. Grossbeak, Red Lion, R—— Road.—Immediate and urgent.

"A special messenger on horseback—one guinea.

"SIG. DELLA ROCCA."

She then rose, and, first listening for any suspicious sound, pushed away with perfect ease a large portrait, and discovered one of those narrow flights of stairs, which in troublous times, in turn, sheltered Protestant from Catholic and Catholic from Protestant, Roundhead from Cavalier and Cavalier from Roundhead.

It was admirably contrived, a portion of the wall coming out with the picture, so that sounding in the ordinary way would not lead to discovery.

There were several tapers in the room. The signorina took one, and led the way. The steps were narrow, but dry, there being ample ventilation.

In a few minutes a long, vaulted passage was reached, which was evidently of great antiquity. It ended in a heavy iron slid-

ing panel, which, by means of a handle, easily gave way.

The signorina left the taper in the passage, and they ascended by the light of the moon, a kind of stone ladder, which brought them into the lower room of the ivy tower, mentioned in the early part of this history.

Martha was now directed to a small gate—going forth from which, and following the wall of the park, she easily reached the post-office, dropped the letter in, and returned, all within half an hour.

The shell had been thrown, beware the explosion.

The mother and child scarcely spoke during her absence, not only because they were deeply absorbed in their own thoughts, but because they feared the watchful cunning of the master of the house.

Half their room once reached sending the wearied, exhausted, and astonished Martha to bed, the signorina unbosomed herself to Lucy, thrilling her soul with a tale of horror, which brought her nestling to her mother's bosom like a timid dove seeking shelter from the talons of the murderous hawk. And then she told her all she meant to do.

At last, wearied and exhausted, they, too, retired, and slept until nearly midday wholly undisturbed, and quite free from any immediate terrors.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE RIVALS IN LOVE AND LIFE.

When Cecil joined Captain Walter Arundell at breakfast, the latter was very pale and thoughtful. Full of generous and noble instincts, the young officer of dragoons was probably the last man in the world to do an ungenerous or unmanly action. Still, it is very hard at once to give up all hope of the greatest joy on earth, and to avoid securing his just and honorable rights.

"You have been up and have ridden far," said the younger man, "while I have been asleep."

"I have. Pressing business commanded my attention—but now to speak of Miss Mordaunt and her mother."

"What do you intend doing?"

"It is my idea to call upon Mr. Mordaunt as if nothing had happened, and to see what he says. The man is such a mystery and a puzzle, that I am unable to imagine any other course of action."

"I will go with you."

"Certainly. But before we go, let us speak of Miss Lucy. You are fully aware that I love her, and that we are rivals."

"I am sorry, Walter Arundell, that we are so. Still, as I know you to be an honorable man, I do not fear your rivalry. If she prefers me, you will give way," said Cecil, with his frank and loyal smile.

"Perhaps," answered Captain Walter Arundell, gravely, "you are aware that both her parents have declared the heir of Sir Vincent Mordaunt shall never wed their child."

"I know that such words have been used," the young man continued, "but my father hopes to be able to remove this obstacle."

"How so?"

"He has already, as you know, called upon Mr. Mordaunt, been very well received; and next Sunday—when Mr. Hubert dines with us—he will formally propose for the hand of Lucy Mordaunt."

"Cecil," said Walter, in a musing tone, "you are aware that there are sometimes great mutations in men's lives—unexpected changes?"

"Certainly—but why ask me this question?"

"I want to dive to the depths of your heart, my friend—from no mere curiosity, but from reasons which you will soon understand. You said, not many hours since, that to win Lucy you would sacrifice rank, name, anything. Would you do—"

"I would."

"We will suppose, for the sake of argument, for example, that you, the heir to a baronetcy, a fine estate, and the consequence which goes with it, had to choose between the position of a younger brother without fortune, dependent on your relatives, and that which is now yours—on your soul, Cecil, answer me truly, the baronetcy without Lucy, or the dependent position with her?"

"Poverty, hard labor for life with her!" the young man cried. "Existence without her can have no charm."

The captain rose and walked hastily up and down the room with a kind of perturbed look which strangely moved the other.

"Well, Cecil, I believe you, and as in a few days there may be some strange explanations between us I thank you for your frankness, for really I believe you, strange as such a declaration may seem from a worldling like myself."

"Thank you heartily, Walter," said the younger man. "Your whole line of conversation puzzles me. At the same time, I am willing to believe that you have a reason for what you do."

"I have, and a very grave one. But, now, what say you to our riding over and paying our respects to the ladies?"

"With all my heart."

"Of course, we must only ask for Miss Lucy—we are supposed to know nothing of what passed last night," replied Walter, rising, and ringing for their horses to be saddled.

In ten minutes more they were hurrying along the grassy road, enjoying one of the most luxurious pleasures in existence—that of rapid motion in the open air.

Their arrival at Trendlodeep Manor appeared to be expected, for scarcely had they dismounted when domestics hurried out to meet them and look to their horses.

They asked to see Miss Lucy. The domestics bowed, and ushered them—rather ominous sign—into the library, where Mr. Hubert Mordaunt, rather pale and disturbed, but with his usual high-bred air rather exaggerated, received them alone.

"Sorry to have given you the trouble of riding over this morning," said he; "but my daughter is slightly indisposed, and will take rest until Sunday, when we shall have the pleasure of meeting you at your father's house. Remind him, if you please, of the under-steward and dairyman. I quite long to be at work."

"Nothing serious in the young lady's indisposition?" said Walter, Cecil being too agitated to speak.

"No, no!" cried the other, as if anxious to change the subject.

The young men, who could tell by his manner that he wished to get rid of them, shook hands and retired with regret.

"What a fearful hand!" said Walter, when they were in the park, riding slowly and thoughtfully; "it feels like that of a corpse!"

"It certainly did give me a cold shiver. What can be the secret of his pallor? One is involuntarily reminded of a vampire when one looks at him."

They had reached a secluded part of the park, at the back of the house, close to a dense thicket of evergreens, and were about, by one natural impulse, to set spurs to their horses, when the maid, Martha, the attached domestic of Lucy Mordaunt, stood before them, a finger on her lips.

She made signs for them to come up to her, and follow a narrow path, which soon brought them to a recess, where they were completely out of sight of the road they had been following.

Martha was about to speak, when the furious tramp of a horse was heard. She made earnest signs for deep silence, and, sitting more like statues than men, they peered through the bushes, and saw Mr. Hubert Mordaunt, his face deadly pale, his eyes staring from his head, his hair streaming in the wind, tear by with the fierce, purposeless dash of a maniac.

They both shuddered, and a strange dread fell upon both their souls.

"Can that man be the father of one so beautiful as Lucy?" said Cecil, with an involuntary burst.

"It seems strange," mused Walter. "The man has two existences—one before the world, one when alone. Surely he does not bear the burden of some great crime upon his conscience?"

"His crimes would crush a dozen ordinary men," said the melodious but stern voice of the Signorina della Rocca, who, with Lucy, now appeared to them. "I have a few words to say to you, Captain Walter."

The two young men dismounted, bowing low to both, and then the elder advanced to beside the signorina, while Cecil frankly and heartily shook hands with Lucy, in whose face there shone unmistakably the light of love and happiness.

Walter felt a terrible pang at his heart, while the signorina frowned slightly.

"Why do you encourage the visits of this young man—your rival, and a favored one? But it cannot be. A solemn oath binds two persons to refuse any alliance with the heir of Sir Vincent Mordaunt."

"And that is your only objection to Cecil Mordaunt?" said the captain, rather bitterly.

"Certainly. I like the young man much. He brought me to my daughter. He was the means, under Heaven, of a perfect marvel. To him I owe all that is dear to me in life; but both her father and myself made what may be, perhaps, a rash vow once, but our words are sacred."

"It was a rash vow; but it appears to me that Mr. Hubert Treherne Mordaunt rather favors Mr. Cecil, since his father called on him," replied the other, with a musing thoughtfulness, which was not lost upon the signorina.

"And do you, Walter Arundell, believe that the horrible and sacrilegious wretch who is master of Trendlodeep Manor can be the father of my beautiful child?" hissed the other in his ear.

"You bewilder me with the weight of new mysteries!" cried the captain. "What am I to believe?"

"Anything you think proper," she answered; "and rely upon it that you have my good wishes and the good wishes of Lucy's father. We will not force her to marry you, but wed the heir of the rival house of Mordaunt she cannot. Wait until Sunday, and all will, I believe, be made clear."

"Until Sunday? I dine with Mr. Hubert at Sir Vincent's!" cried the amazed captain.

"I know it—but that matters not. The reason why I have waylaid you is, to ask you to carry this letter to the Red Lion. It is addressed Mr. Grossbeak or Mr. Meriton. Put it into the hands of one of them."

"I will do so," replied the captain, heartily, and with a grave smile he went up to Lucy, and shook her by the hand. "Come, Cecil, we have no time to lose."

Lucy blushed at his ardent gaze, and joined her mother.

"Lucy," said the signorina, when they were alone, "you are preparing great sorrows for yourself. You can never marry Cecil Mordaunt."

"Why, mother?" she cried, with a pained and startled look, which alarmed the elder lady.

"Do you love him so much?"

"Mother, I will never marry without your consent—but I will never, never marry any one else," she said, firmly and resolutely.

"Lucy, do not make rash resolutions, my darling," her mother answered, very sorrowfully; "you are young, and do not know your own mind. Captain Walter Arundell loves you, and has the approval of both your parents."

"The captain! never. I like him as the friend of Cecil; but he can never, never be my husband!" the young girl cried, passionately.

"Well, my darling girl, I daresay no one will force your affections—but I cannot expect that your father will ever break his vow."

"And yet he loves me—that is to say if I know who is my father."

"The husband of my youth and happiness—the one love of my life, for whom I would have given up worlds."

"Mother, such is my feeling with regard to Cecil," said the young girl, smiling archly.

"You are very like what I was when I was young," the other answered, with a sigh. "My vow against Cecil I cannot break; but if you can win your father's consent, I will be an obedient wife."

And with this consolatory remark, the mother and child returned to the house by the secret way, followed by their faithful attendant.

We accompany Captain Walter and Cecil.

With the letter in his pocket, the elder soldier rode, musing, for some minutes, while Cecil gave way, with all the serene illusions of youth, to happy thoughts. If he had not the consent of parents, at all events he had the smiles of Lucy herself; and at Cecil's age we see all things through a rosy, hopeful medium, which, at all events, gives happiness for a time.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 47.)

Affection of Monkeys for their Dead.

From James Forbes's Oriental Memoirs the following interesting account is extracted:—One of a shooting party, under a banian tree, killed a female monkey and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, and seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously: the sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compunction for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gesture seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given to him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms, and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

POEMS BY WILLIAM J. ALLINSON. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. This is a collection of poems made to a considerable extent by the friends of the author, who, we regret, to hear, has suffered of late very seriously in his health. A large proportion of the poems are of that personal character, which, while it renders them more attractive to the writer's circle of friends, takes away in some degree from their interest to the public. To the members of the Orthodox branch of the "Society of Friends," we should think they would prove most acceptable, and we therefore commend them to the notice of those of our readers who belong to that estimable denomination. Mr. Allinson's muse is of that meek and quiet spirit which the "Friends" so much admire, and deeply imbued with the religious sentiment. The following short poem will give a pretty good idea of the merits and defects of the book:—

SPIRITUAL SIGHT AND HEARING.

Call her not *blind*, whose mental eye
Can read her blessed title graven
In the Lamb's book of life on high,
The glorious master-roll of Heaven.
Call her not *deaf*, whose inward ear
Her Master's still small voice can hear,
Who still in silence knows the voice
Which once made Mary a heart rejoice.
Be mine the hearing and the seeing
Which hallow dear Aunt Betsy's being.

OLD FORT DUQUESNE; OR, CAPTAIN JACK THE SCOUT. An historical novel with copious notes. By CHARLES MCKNIGHT. Beautifully illustrated. To the people of Pittsburgh and Western Pennsylvania especially, we should think this volume would be of great interest. Mr. McKnight appears to have studied up his subject and availed himself of all sources of information relative to Braddock's defeat and other collateral matters. This material he has woven into an attractive story, in which the celebrated Captain Jack—not the Modoc chieftain of course, but a famous border-ranger of the Colonial day—Fairfax, a famous Delaware Indian, Braddock himself, young Washington and others figure. The book is therefore one which can hardly fail to prove of interest, not only to all Pennsylvanians but to American readers generally. It is sold only by subscription. Price $2 50, but sample copies will be sent for $2 00. Published by "The People's Monthly" Publishing Association, Pittsburgh, Penna.

THE HEIRESS IN THE FAMILY. By Mrs. MACKENZIE DANIEL, author of "My Sister Minnie," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

MIRIAM MONFORT. A novel. By the author of "The Household of Bonverie." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen and Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE WING-AND-WING; OR, LE FEU FOLLET. A Tale. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND REVIEW. The September number contains articles on "The Transatlantic Balloon Voyage," "The Water-Works of Paris," "Social Rights and Duties," "The Narrow Gauge and How it Works," &c. Published by the Review Company, corner of Fourth and Walnut streets, Phila.

BREECH LOADERS. By "GLOAN." This book treats of the mechanism, use, &c., of breech-loading shot-guns. By the way, we notice that the author approves of taking aim with both eyes, instead of the common practice of using one—contending that the best shooting can be done by using both. Published by Geo. E. Woodward, New York, and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE UNDEVELOPED WEST; OR, FIVE YEARS IN THE TERRITORIES. Being a Complete History of that vast region between the Mississippi and the Pacific: its Resources, Climate, Inhabitants, Natural Curiosities, etc., with Life and Adventure on Prairies, Mountains, and the Pacific Coast. By J. H. BEADLE, Western Correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, and author of "Life in Utah," etc.

Mr. Beadle went into this region for the avowed purpose of seeing and describing it, and his journeyings and observations were all governed by a fixed purpose, that of discovering and making known the actual character, condition and resources of the country visited by him. He first traversed the States of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska and Kansas, examining the lands, and living and conversing with the people of those sections. For five years he kept moving from point to point, exploring the Territories, and the great and rich States of the Pacific Coast, encountering strange people and innumerable hardships and braving many dangers in his wanderings among the savages. He visited the rich mines of Colorado, Utah, Nevada and Idaho; passed into California and Oregon, and there enjoyed peculiar advantages for seeing and investigating the resources and curiosities of those remarkable States. He spent considerable time in New Mexico, Arizona and Texas, and his account of his observations and discoveries in those strange and deeply interesting portions of our country will commend his book to the careful consideration of the scholar, as well as to all who seek practical information or amusement. His only companions in his travels in Arizona were Indian guides, and for weeks during his explorations in that Territory he never saw the face of a white man. It is claimed that this history of that vast region will prove a full, authentic and reliable guide to climate, soil, products, distances, localities, means of travel, etc. Published by the National Publishing Company, Phila. Sold only by subscription.

☞ A keen observer says there is as much difference between self-conceit and self-respect as there is between selfish men and men who sell fish.

☞ A San Francisco milliner has invented a hat which will probably sell well, in cases where the blushing is not so spontaneous as it might be, or used to be. When the wearer bows or lowers the head abruptly, a tiny pair of steel clamps compress the arteries on each side of the temples, sending the blood at once to the cheeks.

☞ A young student wants us to tell him if W-o-r-c-e-s-t-e-r spells Wooster why R-o-c-h-e-s-t-e-r don't spell Rooster. We give it up, as we are not engaged in getting up dictionaries.

☞ A Wisconsin boy puts a sheepskin shirt on when he expects a "licking" from the school teacher, and the teacher is amazed at the way that boy can hold out before he hollers.

☞ As a rule, boys will do well to abstain from climbing picket fences where the length of the pickets exceed their height. An Albany boy named Fisher, fell while climbing one, the other day, and caught his chin upon a sharp picket, which penetrated through to his mouth, leaving him suspended for a quarter of an hour in a very embarrassing condition.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ The Philadelphia mint is now turning out three millions a month in gold coins.

☞ It is said that three women have gone crazy in Paris after a sight of the Shah's diamonds, one of whom committed suicide.

☞ Two railroad massacres occurred lately from the watches of the conductors being too slow.

☞ The prize baby at the recent California baby show, weighing two-and-a-half pounds when dressed, is to be exhibited through the United States.

☞ A Milwaukee woman, on being convicted of forgery, applied to a newspaper for the appointment of penitentiary correspondent.

☞ The editor of the San Francisco *Alta*, believing tobacco to be injurious, quit smoking, and said that at the end of the first twenty-four hours of the trial he already felt so much better for abolishing the filthy habit, that he thought he should be able to resume it again very soon.

☞ The hotel-keepers at Niagara are discussing a plan to stop tourists five miles from the falls and stuff their ears with cotton, to prevent them from hearing the roar without first paying a fee of three dollars.

☞ A spiteful wretch in Harlem, N. Y., put out one of the eyes of an editor by throwing a cupful of vitriol in his face, in revenge for a personal attack in his newspaper.

☞ Ladies' toes are worth money in Auburn, N. Y. A lady who broke her big toe by a fall on the sidewalk, made the city pay $1500 damages.

☞ A Carlinville, Ill., girl, who recovered $10 from a young fellow for kissing her against her will, offered him the money back again a few days afterward if he would "do it again."

☞ Capt. Joseph Jackson, it is said, died at Rochester, N. H., from the effects of the bite of a spider received ten years ago.

☞ On the Pennsylvania railroad going east a day or two ago, a bachelor was driven frantic by overhearing the following conversation between a newly-married couple: Husband—"'Oose little pet lamb is 'oo?" Wife—"'Ou's." Husband—"Oo does 'ou love?" Wife—"'On." At this point the bachelor fled, clutching at his collar and begging for more air.

☞ A baby was found in a railroad depot in Boston recently, and on its dress was pinned a card, which stated, "This baby belongs to Mr. Done, of Lowell. I took it in a fit of insanity." Mr. Dane was summoned by telegraph, the baby was recognized as his property, having been stolen from his house a short time previously, and it was speedily returned to the maternal arms of the sorrowing Mrs. Dane.

☞ "Old Probabilities" (General Meyer) is in luck. His wife, who is the only heir, by the death of her mother, has recently inherited a round million of dollars, most of which is immediately available. Mrs. Meyer had an independent fortune without this accession. General Meyer has made a snug little fortune by his own industry, now greatly magnified by his wife's inheritance. He started in life in Buffalo, New-York, as a barefooted boy, looking for something to turn up.

☞ Tommy thinks he got the inside track of the railroad official last week, when he took a train without any money in his pocket, and was told by the conductor that he must get off at the next station. That was just where Tommy was going.

☞ He is a very genteel and amiable young man, but he is now insane. He parts his hair in the middle. The other day, in combing his hair, he chanced to get two more hairs on one side than the other. This destroyed the balance of his head, and overturned his brain. He makes a very genteel lunatic, however.

☞ A Life of Washington is announced by a Yeddo, Japan, publisher. This literary novelty is brought out in no less than forty-four volumes in the Japanese characters, and is profusely illustrated in the highest style of art. Washington is represented in the clothes and fashion of the present day, and with a mustache, carrying a cane, and accompanied by a skye-terrier. He is gazing at a lady with a train, a Grecian bend, and a hideous waterfall.

☞ An old woman died suddenly in Ireland of what was supposed to be paralysis. A wake, of course, followed, and within the ensuing three weeks fifteen persons who had either been in contact with or attended the wake of this old woman, were stricken down by enteric fever. It appears that the old woman had given lodging to and washed the linen of a tramp who had but lately left a neighboring fever hospital.

☞ A Georgia paper recently contained the following item in its society gossip:—"The amiable and delicious Miss Pinkington, whose charms of mind and person have turned the heads of our gallants, now does her hair in braids, and patronizes this paper exclusively in her personal make up."

☞ A young man residing at Detroit, Michigan, was standing on the street in that city, quietly engaged in picking his teeth with a blade of his knife, when a waggish acquaintance came along and gave his elbow a push. By this push the blade of his knife was so firmly wedged between two of his teeth, and the pain was so great, that Frederick was counselled to go to a dentist and have one of the teeth loosened.

☞ TOOTLE TOOTLE.—A Frenchman, whose English was still rather imperfect, was one evening in company where two parties were playing the same game. A gentleman of one party happened to observe, with respect to the score, "We are two to two." "Tu-tu-tu?" muttered the Frenchman. "What dat mean?" "Two to two, are you?" replied one of the other party. "Why, we are two to two, too." "Tu-tu-tu-tu!" exclaimed the Frenchman. "What a language! It sound like de horn of my native land."

Out of Health.—In this common expression is comprehended an immense amount of bodily and mental suffering. It is not necessary to be afflicted with positive disease in order to experience unutterable wretchedness. A person out of health is weak, languid, low-spirited, incapable of much exertion, nervous, irritable, and as sensitive to every change of temperature as the mercury in a thermometer. What such a person requires is invigoration, and HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS will supply it. No need of applying to a physician in such a case. The fee would be thrown away. At the nearest drug store may be had the most efficient and healthful vegetable tonic that the world contains. Twenty-five years' experience has established the fact that among all the stomachics and alteratives known to modern pharmacy this powerful restorative stands supreme, unapproached. Every bottle of Hostetter's Bitters contains more blessings than there were curses in Pandora's box.

VIENNA PREMIUMS AND SEWING-MACHINES.

We copy the following from the New York Herald of August 19:—

THE REGION OF THE SEWING-MACHINES.

If Dante had been gifted with the spirit of prophecy he would have set apart a region in his Inferno to illustrate the rivalries and emotions of the sewing-machine manufacturers of the United States. The conflicts, misunderstandings, the ambitions, the [illegible] for approbation and notoriety, the [illegible] efforts to win medals of progress and [illegible] merit and honor, which inspire the gentlemen who manage this industry, have given considerable [illegible] and life to the American department. So when His Majesty came into the sewing-machine department every effort was made by our Commissioners to introduce him to each special machine and explain its peculiar qualities. Let me give you a list of the machines in the catalogue, so you may know what His Majesty was asked to do. First, the Howe Machine Company, New York; then the Singer Manufacturing Company, New York; the Whitney Sewing-Machine, Paterson, N. J.; the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, New York; the Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio; the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing-Machine Manufacturing Company, New York; Ezra Morrill & Co., Derby Line, Vt.; George N. Bacon & Co., London, England; the Weed Sewing-Machine Company, Hartford, with the patent effective stop motion of Fairchilds' attachment; the Secor Sewing-Machine Company, New York; the Mackay Sole and Shoe Machine, Cambridge; the Universal Feed Sewing-Machine Company. Every exhibitor expected a special visit from the Emperor, and His Majesty, with a patience and courtesy that should be commended, endeavored to visit them all.

After waiting a few minutes to comprehend the explanations made to him of the advance of the industry so largely represented in America, the Emperor continued his tour of the other departments, especially inquiring of his attendants what different principles were presented by each separate machine, in what respect one machine differed from the other—all of which was explained to him, ESPECIALLY THE NEW PRINCIPLE OF THE PATENT STOP, OR THE APPLICATION INVENTED BY MR. FAIRCHILD, AND NOW OWNED BY THE WEED MACHINE COMPANY, BY WHICH THE ACTION OF THE NEEDLE IS ARRESTED BY THE PRESSURE OF A SPRING WITHOUT STOPPING THE MOTION OF THE WHEEL.

In the New York Herald of August 19th we find awards were made as follows:—

To the Wilson Sewing-Machines of Cleveland.

Elias Howe Sewing Machine Company, FOR SEWING AND STITCHING.

Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing-Machine Company of New York, (for BEST SINGLE-THREAD SEWING-MACHINE.)

The Weed Sewing-Machine Company, (for BEST STOP MOTION APPLIED TO SEWING-MACHINE THREADLES.

The Wilson Sewing-Machine Company being the only exhibitor that received a grand prize medal for the best Sewing-Machine, and medals of honor.

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York

nov5-tf

THE ELIZABETH INSTITUTE, A BOARDING and Day School for Young Ladies, will reopen September 17, 1873. Apply to Miss N. C. HEAD, 415 North Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J. sep20-4t

SLATE MANTELS

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order. Factory and Salerooms, No. 1210 RIDGE AVENUE. WILSON & MILLER, Philadelphia, Pa. jy12-26t

WOMEN MEN, Girls and Boys wanted to sell our French and American Jewelry, Books, Games, &c., in their own localities. No capital needed. Catalogue, Terms, &c., sent FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. sep20-13t

$250 FROM $1. Samples mailed free, for 10 cents to pay postage. Agents wanted. J. LINDER, Bethalto, Illinois. 1t

$100 to 250 per month guaranteed sure to Agents everywhere selling our new seven strand WHITE PLATINA CLOTHES LINES. Sells readily at every house. Samples free. Address the GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa. sep26-cow1t

WANTED.—LIVE AGENTS IN A NEW, taking and highly-interesting book, just out, called "OLD FORT DUQUESNE; OR, CAPTAIN JACK, THE SCOUT." An honest and money-making book for agents. Quickest sales, biggest profits. Elegant binding, tinted paper, bevelled boards, five hundred pages, and numerous illustrations. Money in it, every pop. Price $2.50, but *sample* sent free, postage paid. Sold only by agents. Address People's Monthly, Pittsburgh, Pa. 1t

LADY AGENTS WANTED FOR

Prof. FOWLER'S GREAT WORK

On Manhood, Womanhood and their Mutual Inter-relations; Love, its Laws, Power, etc.

Many of our Female Agents are selling from 15 to 20 copies a day to ladies. We send canvassing books free of charge. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 1t

$72.00 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. 5sep20-26t

$250 A MONTH can be made selling our new Novelties. Many Agents wanted. For terms and Circulars, address with stamp, *Pittsburgh Supply Co.*, Pittsburgh, Pa. je28-26t

WORKING CLASS—MALE OR FEMALE—$60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instruction and valuable package of goods sent by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 172 Greenwich St., N. Y. mh29-26t

MAGIC OR INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful and Amusing. 25 cents, post-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., New York. de28-52t

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. nov1d-52t

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Relieved and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Compound. Office, 69; Broadway, N. Y. Send 10c. for book with photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure, with the Henry Ward Beecher case, letters and portrait. Beware of travelling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. SHERMAN. He has no agents. sep6-8t

HOW TO BEHAVE AND SHINE IN SOCIETY; The Laws of Courtship and Marriage; The Complete Fortune-Teller, and Dream-Book; How to Write Letters Correctly; Invisible Photographs; Art of Secret Correspondence. All good. Mailed for 15 cents each, or the lot for 75 cents. Address S. THORNTON, Hoboken, N. J. sep6-13t

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 20, 1873.

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HOME AND SOCIETY.

BE PATIENT WITH CHILDREN.

Parents and teachers never can deal wisely with children until they have learned to dispense with impulse, and scrutinize, in every possible way, their little failings and derelictions from duty. And then the only way to follow out this scrutiny is mentally to exchange places with the child—to put one's self in his place—divest one's self of all but childish judgment and capacity—to recall one's childish views and feelings—and then submit to be guided by justice and wisdom seen from this out-look.

"But oh!" my friends will exclaim, "what a deal of trouble this would make us."

Yes, we grant that, for I was not thinking of your case in the matter, but of your child's good. Yet you may discover before life ceases that usually the best way of doing anything is the least trouble in the end. By trouble I mean pains-taking, time, attention and regard to the ultimate results.

Now, let me ask you, can anything be done well, or properly accomplished without these?

Can your autumn street suit be finished without an expenditure of time, money, attention and pains-taking?

Can a joint be roasted, or a pudding be made without these?

Trouble! Don't put in the vain plea of saving yourselves trouble—present trouble—for you will surely reap sorrow and anguish of spirit in later years—if you will not take a little trouble with your children in their early childhood. It is less trouble, doubtless, so far as the present time is concerned, to find fault, and punish a child for negligence, stupidity or misconduct, than to reason, explain and instruct him.

It takes less time to box a boy's ears for being in mischief, or to shut up a girl "all by herself" for being rude or troublesome, than it would be to inquire into their intentions and motives, to talk with them patiently and gently, and endeavor to teach them why they should strive to please, rather than grieve you.

"What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness."

In one hour of heedlessness or injustice, nay, even in one minute, an evil may be done which will undo the work of months, or which years of judicious treatment will not obliterate.

There are many temptations to impatience amongst parents and teachers, and it is so easy and natural for the strong to tyrannize over the weak.

Few mortals can possess absolute power without abusing it; and the power which parents and teachers exercise over children is, at least, so far absolute that immediate resistance can be overpowered.

But with parents, natural tenderness and love will usually restrain the impetuosity of their tempers; but if they frequently are impetuous, how can we wonder that teachers are so too.

I would not permit children to be indulged and spoiled by overlooking their faults.

No, indeed! yet this course is easier to the self-indulgent mother than the wearying work of constant watchfulness, and wise circumspection and patient and judicious government.

Still its results are fearful, and her gray hairs will be brought to the grave in sorrow and bitterness by them. Truly—"*ye have need of patience!*" oh, ye parents and teachers of the young! And not of patience alone! For in the right exercise of discipline, a keen perception and discrimination must also be exerted, else even patience may fail to do its perfect work.

No two children are precisely alike in their dispositions, capacities and formations of mind and temperament. One may be very timid and sensitive: another, bold and obtuse: and the same treatment cannot apply to both.

We are told in Holy Writ, that "the heart is deceitful above all things;" yet those of us who possess any amount of discrimination and observation, can usually read the heart of a child quite correctly. But to do this we must pay heed to it, study it homily and daily learn its intricacies, and its soundings, and map out a chart which will enable us to guide it aright in its voyage of life.

"*Ye have need of patience!*" Nothing can be more applicable to those who possess boys or girls, or have to do with them. There are so many little daily provocations which demand endurance, so many trivial faults which need correction, so much carelessness which calls for rebuke, and so much perseverance which requires firmness and control, that we must have "line upon line, and precept upon precept" to aid us in our duties.

The ancient poet Hesiod thus apostrophizes patience:—

"Patience, my lord I why 'tis the soul of peace,
Of all the virtues 'tis the nearest kin to Heaven;
It makes men look like gods, the best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

TWO ASPECTS.

BY SYBIL KRIM.

Over the meadow and far away,
Fresh blows the wind from the sighing main,
Bending the heads of the rosy-topped clover,
Shaking the hawthorn down in the lane,
Floating the cowslips in passing over—
Then away to the sea again!

Over the meadow and far away
Gray are the clouds with a promise of rain;
Through the long sedge the wind whistles drearily,
Dead is the hawthorn, to come not again;
Golden-tressed daisy hangs her head wearily,
Hearing his wild, altered strain.

THE BIBLE:
Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

No. 34.

Wives and Concubines.

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

It would seem, according to our ideas, perfectly impossible that a wife—especially the *fond* wife of a loving husband—should voluntarily take her maid, as did Sarai, Abram's wife, and *give her "to her husband to be his wife."* Gen. xvi. 3. But such things are seen every day all over the East; and trained as are Oriental women, the subsequent taking of other wives is not only tolerated, but often, nay, *generally* desired by the first.

Marriages in the East are always arranged by the parents—the mother or some elderly female relative selecting a wife for each son as soon as he is considered marriageable; and according to the structure of Oriental society, this is doubtless the best method of arranging matrimonial alliances. For the mother may have abundant opportunities of judging of the character of her future daughter-in-law, by visiting her as frequently as she wishes, before the contract is signed; while the boy-husband, marrying ordinarily soon after entering his teens, is not permitted by the usages of society, so much as to see the face of the lady he is to marry, and of course could not, even if he had sufficient judgment and experience, form any sort of estimate of her disposition and character, or the adaptation of these to his own. When the bride enters her husband's house, she is never unveiled till after the conclusion of the nuptial ceremonies; and whether mutual affection or absolute disgust be the result of this *first* meeting, there is no help for it—the die is cast, and the *wife*, at least, has no alternative but to submit to her fate. But Oriental women are seldom educated, and hence they have far less individuality of character than among us; while from the cloistered seclusion of an unwedded damsel any change is welcome, and as a *wife* she enjoys immunities and privileges far transcending those that ever fell to her lot as maiden. So, as a general rule, the Eastern bride philosophically accepts the position, gives her husband *warm love* as well as cheerful obedience, and enjoys on the whole quite an average of wedded happiness. Sometimes, perhaps *frequently*, a romantic attachment springs up between the pair, and had they all the world to choose from, they would select each other. I have often seen in the East as genuine "love-making" and as much "billing and cooing" among *bona fide* husband and wife, as with us while the courtship was in progress. But even when the union has proved thus happy, and with no diminution of affection for each other as the years roll on, both husband and wife insensibly fall into the ways of their people and country, and after awhile other wives or "concubines" are added as a matter of expediency—*the wife most generally taking the initiative.*

If she have children, the coming of new wives lightens her household labors, and gives her, after the cares and fatigue attendant on the conjugal and maternal relations, a season of comparative rest. Or if she is childless, which among Orientals is ever esteemed the greatest of calamities, her husband may obtain heirs by the concubine, and she, as *the wife*, shares the honor and joy of her lord. A case in point is related by Dr. Graves, of Canton, and every one who has travelled in the East, with his eyes and ears open, can recall similar instances. Dr. G. chanced to be near when a Chinese woman, in conversation with another, made use of the following language: "When I found myself over thirty years of age, and with no son, I advised my husband to seek for a concubine. Even if I should have borne a son afterward, there would have been long to wait before I could have had a daughter-in-law to help me cook rice, and take care of both homes. So I thought it better for the old man to take another wife. The expense was the only difficulty, but I told him we would manage that, by saving for awhile, and borrowing a little. So he got a concubine, and now I have an easy time. She has to obey me, and I can beat her as much as I please. She lives at our home in the country, and has to do all the drudgery, hoeing the ground, and getting the firewood. My husband goes home there sometimes, and I only have to go twice a year, to help get in the harvest. The rest of the time I live with the old man at Canton, and have it easy enough."

Then there is *no disgrace* attached to concubinage among Orientals. As alluded to in the Old Testament Scriptures, and as recognized by the usages of nearly all Eastern nations in our own day, a "concubine's" position is just as *legal* as that of the wife, though far inferior in grade. The difference is that she is inducted into wifehood by rites less imposing; she brings ordinarily no dowry, and receives no marriage settlement from her husband; and she not only takes no part in the family government, but she is under the absolute control *of the wife*. Her position, indeed, is little better than that of an ordinary female slave to the real wife—a position she fully comprehends, and makes no efforts to rise above. If differences arise, the husband seldom interferes, or he answers as did Abram to Sarai, "Behold thy maid is in thine hand—do to her as it pleaseth thee." And by failing to take the part of the oppressed "concubine," even when "hardly dealt" with, as in the case of Hagar, (Gen. xvi. 6.) the husband tacitly avows to both, his opinion of their relative positions. Once, when I spoke to an Oriental princess on the subject, and inquired if it did not make her unhappy for her husband to add wife after wife to his harem—she opened her eyes wide with amazement, and asked, "Did it mar your happiness because brothers and sisters *shared the love of your parents?*" It was evident, she took her lot philosophically; and well is it for Eastern women, that they can do so. Each dwelling content in her own little world, the Oriental wife never fears displacement by the bringing in of a "concubine"—one, or many, be they never so fair.

The coming of our Lord, and the ushering in of the Gospel dispensation abolished forever a system that had been *permitted* in the earlier ages of the world; and when this Gospel of salvation shall be made known through all the earth, we may hope that *polygamy*, with other evils, will be swept away, and every man be the husband of *but one wife*.

Biographical Sketches.

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

On a certain night in January, 1858, the avenues leading to the Grand Opera were crowded with representatives of the beauty, talent, rank and wealth of Paris and of all France. Light laughter and witty sallies proceeded from the humbler spectators grouped in front of the imposing building devoted to music and the drama, as carriage after carriage drove up to the entrance, and the flashes of bright jewels and brighter eyes were swallowed by its portal. Suddenly there was an unusual stir among the expectant crowd. The carriage of the emperor and empress was approaching. It was preceded and followed by a long train of carriages, containing their suite and state dignitaries. In the immediate vicinity of the Opera House the throng was dense, and the coachman of the imperial carriage was obliged to slacken the pace of the horses. He had scarcely done this when several small bombs were thrown beneath the vehicle. They burst as they fell. A terrible explosion was the result; the imperial carriage was tossed into the air and shattered, but the occupants were uninjured. Not so others, unfortunately. Mutilated bodies of the dead and dying strewed the street. Amid the shrieks and groans, the awful panic and confusion, the empress was pale, yet calm and self-possessed, thinking of nothing but the welfare of her husband. An attempt was made to break open the dismantled conveyance. Fancying that assassins were about to complete their murderous plot, she threw herself before her husband, that the blows intended for him might fall on her. This attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon was the work of Orsini, an Italian.

The heroism and true courage manifested by the Empress Eugénie on this and several other occasions endeared her to the French people—or, rather, to the respectable part of the French people, who, though in the majority, seldom meddle in revolutions. If this majority were a little more actively patriotic and less attached to self-interest, France might possibly have a revolution that would effect some good. The devotion of Eugénie to her imperial husband was always remarkable. Whether he deserved it, is another question, but the time for passing judgment on his acts has not yet come.

In 1810, Maria Kirkpatrick, the eldest daughter of a wealthy Scottish merchant residing at Malaga, in Spain, became the wife of Cipriano Palafox, Count of Theba, and afterwards also Count of Montijo. The Empress Eugénie, their daughter, was born on May 5, 1826, and is at the present time forty-seven years old. Her father died several weeks before her birth. Both Scottish blood and the *sangre azul* of old Spain flows in her veins. Had she been from her earliest youth of royal rank, her education could not have been more worthy of a future empress. She enjoyed the triple advantages of an English, a French and a Spanish education. To her exquisite English style of beauty, she added the grace of Spain and the wit of France. With the language, literature and best society of these countries she was familiar. Her beauty was marvellous. Even before her elevation to the imperial dignity it attracted much attention, and after that elevation, her charming smile, her expressive dark eyes, and her matchless auburn hair, were the themes of every tongue. Few can look on her portrait—especially the one by Winterhalter, I believe that is the artist's name—without acknowledging that the praise was deserved. Years brushed the bloom from her loveliness, but they could not spoil her grace of movement or her finely-moulded figure. "I verily believe," says Justin McCarthy, in Modern Leaders, "she would actually look graceful in Mary Walker's costume, which I consider decidedly the most detestable, in an artistic sense, ever yet endured by mortal woman."

It is said that Louis Napoleon first met Eugénie, who was then known as the Countess of Theba, in England during his exile in that country. In 1851, the Countess of Montijo and her daughter visited a relation living in Paris. The visit was destined to lead to momentous results. The young countess created a sensation in Paris, and won the heart of the emperor. Among the many sphynx-like public utterances of this seemingly impassable man, the announcement of his approaching marriage, made on January 22, 1853, did most credit to his head and heart.

"I come here, gentlemen," he said to the Senate, "to say to France that I have preferred the woman whom I love, and whom I respect, to one who is unknown, whose alliance would have advantages mingled with sacrifices. . . . In fine, by placing independence, the qualities of the heart, domestic happiness, above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of ambition, I shall not be less strong because I shall be more free."

On Sunday, January 29th, Eugenie, Countess of Theba, was married to the Emperor of the French—the civil ceremony having taken place the previous day at the Tuileries. The Cathedral of Notre Dame hardly afforded sufficient space for the immense throng that was crowded within its walls. The Archbishop of Paris officiated, and with the imposing service of the Catholic Church, amid the most brilliant assemblage in Europe, Louis Napoleon and Eugénie became man and wife. She had been ambitious from her girlhood, rumor said. If it were true, her ambition was satisfied.

With a large sum which the city of Paris voted to her as a wedding-gift, she founded an institution for the education of young girls belonging to the working-classes. It is the remembrance of such acts as this—and she performed more than one—which should console the widowed exile for the loss of a throne.

Two years after their marriage, the emperor and empress visited Queen Victoria, and later Prince Albert and the queen returned the visit. On the 16th of March, 1856, the empress gave birth to her only child, named Napoleon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph. In 1859, when the emperor departed for the scene of war in Italy, he appointed his wife regent. He made a similar appointment during the late German war, and we all know how disastrously the regency ended. But the failure of the government was not the fault of the empress. Probably if her counsels had been followed, there would have been no war, for Eugenie, like many of her sex, has always shown prudence and foresight in unravelling political complications.

Her character as a woman, wife and mother stands deservedly high. During her reign the imperial court was remarkably brilliant, and many extravagant changes in fashion were laid to her charge. But that the latter were not solely due to the example of the empress is proved by the fact that since her flight from the Tuileries, the fashions are not less extravagant than before that event. It is hardly probable that fathers and husbands have ceased to groan over long bills for feminine "fixings" while the ex-imperial lady has sojourned at Chiselhurst. She doubtless expended large sums on dress, but as the money was spent in her own country, and furthered the prosperity of her own people, her conduct was certainly more patriotic than that of a number of our would-be *elegantes*, who yearly send small fortunes to Paris to swell the coffers of Worth and his coadjutors.

Of her tact and delicacy, as well as of her piety and charity, many incidents are related. One of these does not show the ponderous etiquette which hedges Queen Victoria to the best advantage. An American lady, with great labor, collected some beautiful specimens of American foliage. These she tastefully arranged in two splendid volumes. One was sent to Queen Victoria; the other to the Empress of the French. From England came a note, signed by an official, stating that the queen made it a rule not to receive such gifts. From the empress came a graceful, womanly letter of thanks—a fitting answer to the lovely present.

IDLE COMMENTS.

BY GLEN CAROL.

To watch closely, and criticize sharply, your conduct on such and such occasions, attributing to your actions every motive excepting the right one—to call you a hypocrite if you wear a sad face, and a shallow, heartless fool if smiles are native to your countenance, and leave their impress there—these are little ways of the world! If home cares, and other cares, (hidden skeletons that peep from many a closet) have proved too much for your tightly-tensioned soul to bear, and sickness follows as the inevitable result, why of course you are giving up weakly to your troubles—if rest and change seem to be absolutely essential to recovery, and rides and drives in the sunlight and free air are the order of the day, you are both indolent and extravagant, and prefer your own enjoyment to the comfort of others! Between friends, there's not much the matter with you, anyway—*other* folks work right along, sick or well, summer and winter, and why shouldn't *you?*

If you should, by chance or design, reach the mature age of twenty-five, without rushing into matrimony as a panacea for every earthly ill, you are an old maid—and a designing one, at that! If, in preference to being victimized by extortionate dressmakers, you choose to cut and contrive your own wardrobe, with results satisfactory in the extreme—at least to yourself—you are one of those who "grind the faces of the poor!" (As you neither incline nor intend to empty half your purse into Miss Whiner's pockets, in return for a few ill-fitted gowns, whose material was the prettiest your taste and means afforded, words are wasted upon you; you have profited by such an experience, politely decline hints, and determinedly proceed to be your own seamstress, spite of fate and gossip!)

Because you curl your little Nellie's hair each morning of her life, and tie it back with blue ribbons "to boot," it is "astonishing that you cannot see what a spirit of vanity you are fostering in that child;" "pride goeth before a fall!" And so on to the end of the chapter, go the thousand and one comments upon your family, yourself, your business, your pleasure, until one can scarcely blame the "few choice spirits" disposed to mind strictly and solely their own affairs, if they long for "some bright little isle" of their own, from which busy-bodies might be forever excluded, and within whose happy limits people like you and I, dear reader, might be so fortunate as to dwell!

The Sort of Men that Women Like Best.

We know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly modest, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire in men is gallantry; not the gallantry of courts and fops, but boldness, courage, devotion and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots and brains win one.

If a man stand before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you have not got the spirit to come up to the test like this, you have not got that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with the simple girl who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you. But don't be in a hurry about the matter. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old, will be of any material consequence to you.

The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex, is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with two ideas in her head and nothing new to say about either of them. So don't be in a hurry, we say again. You don't want a wife now, and you have no idea of the kind of a wife you will want by and by. Go into female society if you can find that which will improve you, but not otherwise.

MINNIE.

BY LAURA M. BIDELER.

I'm thinking to-night of the time, Minnie,
Way back in the happy past,
When I gave to you
My promise true
To love you while life should last.

Yes, I said I'd be true to you then, Minnie,
When we plighted our faith for aye;
And the stars so bright
Looked down that night
To bless us, it seemed, alway.

Ah, but I wronged you then, Minnie,
In the days of long ago;
For the promise spoken
Was lightly broken,
And to night you are sleeping low.

But the world was fair and wide, Minnie,
And under its magic spell,
The love so true
I pledged to you
Was changed to a cold farewell.

And you loved me even then, Minnie,
Believing of me no ill,
"He is more to me
Than the world could be,"
You said, "and I love him still."

But your loving heart was broken, Minnie,
And you went to an early rest,
And the roses white
Bloom fair to-night
Over your peaceful breast.

And now from my wanderings wide, Minnie,
From the world no longer true,
From its vain deceit
And idle cheat,
I've come back, Minnie, to you.

But there's only a little grave, Minnie,
With the blossoms bending low,
Above the face
In its rare sweet grace
I loved in the long ago.

And I'm weary and sad to-night, Minnie,
How weary no one can know,
And my life I'd give
Could I but re-live
One day of that long ago.

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

[Editors will please bear in mind that the following Observations by Max Adeler, in common with the other original contents of THE POST, are copyrighted. We give this notice on account of the constant "appropriation" of Max Adeler's articles, without the requisite credit being given either to the writer or the paper.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

—We are very glad indeed to hear that the Chinese merchants of Shanghae have presented an umbrella to the United States Consul at that port, in recognition of his "urbanity and his services in suppressing immorality in the place." But what worries us is that we can't exactly see why an umbrella was selected as the reward of such virtue. An umbrella is not necessarily any more a symbol of urbanity than a flat-iron. A man may be urbane without an umbrella, and he may have the most excessive umbrella that was ever made, and yet not be urbane. The crossest man we ever heard of was the African chief who, in his pride, had constructed for himself an umbrella as big as a circus tent. For it took so long to open it when a storm came, that the weather always cleared up by the time the feat was accomplished; and then just as the umbrella after a desperate effort was closed, it began to rain again. We have no objection to the consul receiving the umbrella, but we do protest against the precedent. We are urbane, but we should regard with horror an attempt on the part of every merchant who discovered the fact to load us down with an umbrella.

—That story about Stebbins and the theatrical thunder which we gave last week, reminded a friend of ours of a little occurrence in a western theatre some years ago. The play was "Romeo and Juliet." During the balcony scene, Juliet was leaning somewhat heavily on the railing of the balcony while the conversational sweetness was bandied backward and forward between herself and Romeo. Just as Romeo began to swear "by yonder blessed moon," the railing gave way, and Juliet, after turning a couple of somersaults, lit on Romeo's head, and as the force of the blow pushed open the trap upon which he was standing, the two lovers suddenly disappeared into the cellar. This ended the sparking for that evening, and Romeo went home with a terrific headache and an impression that a woman who gives herself away with the emphasis of a pile-driver is very apt to crush whatever budding affection distinguishes the man of her choice.

—Brown's boy was up in the country this summer spending his vacation. One day his uncle came in and remarked that he had been down collecting gums of different kinds from the trees in the orchard. Brown's boy asked if he could collect some, and when his uncle said of course he could, Brown's boy sat right down in a frenzy of enthusiasm and wrote home as follows: "Dear Ma, come up right off. The trees here bear gum shoes and you can knock down all you want with a pole. Your affectionate son, ARCHIBALD BROWN." Then he went out into the orchard with a broom-handle for the purpose of knocking off a pair of gum boots for himself and a few rubbers for his relations. An hour afterward that disappointed and mortified child came back to the house, with a conviction that if anybody should ask him to select an efficient, vigorous, sincere and able-bodied man who could be depended upon to tell robust lies at short notice, he would lay his hand on his uncle.

—A young poet, whose contribution to this paper was rejected, wrote to us to intercede with the editor in his behalf, and we did so, but without avail. The editor it seems to us is a very unreasonable man. He liked the poem well enough in some respects, but he objected to several of the rhymes. He observed that when a poet made "colic" rhyme with "frolic," his strong control of his feelings enabled him to restrain himself from expressing violent indignation: and even when "pepper" was compelled to rhyme with "Mazeppa," he could by a tremendous effort of his will resist the impulse to write to the poet's relations a calm but firm letter of advice concerning the advantages of hospital treatment in cases of derangement of the intellect. But when a man deliberately, with the dictionary and the Ten Commandments close at hand, chose to perpetrate in his fifteenth verse the outrage of rhyming "hierarchy" with "darkey," a sense of duty to society demanded that he should be suppressed. We do not take this view of the matter ourselves. We think a man who is capable of rhyming "hierarchy" with "darkey" and "frolic" with "colic," ought to be encouraged. There are very few such men in the world. They are phenomenal. Most persons are indisposed to frolic with the colic, and when we meet a poet who is of a different temperament, we feel as if we would like to give him a chance. We would publish a poem of that kind even if we had to charge the author a dollar a line for it.

—When Mrs. McGrath lay at the point of death, her husband sat by her side and held her hand in his, and tried to comfort her in her last moments. "Henrietta," he said, "I feel that I have not been as good a husband to you as I ought to have been. I have too often been unkind and inconsiderate: too often harsh and ungenerous. But if there is anything I can do now to atone for it; if you have any last wish that I can fulfil when we are separated by death, fill it to me, and I promise faithfully to execute your desire. Is there anything, dearest, that I can do? Have you nothing upon your mind that gives you uneasiness and sorrow?" Mrs. McGrath (the doctor told us) turned her eyes slowly around, and in a faint whisper said to him, while her hand gently pressed his: "Yes, Thomas, there is one thing; only one. I wish you would be careful never to let Jimmy go out in a thunder storm with his copper-toed boots on." Mrs. McGrath recovered the following week, and the doctor, who lives next door to them, tells us that a month or two afterward he saw her spank Jimmy with the energy of a steam-engine, because he came in out of the mud without wiping his copper-toed boots on the mat.

—We have been much interested in a poetical love story which has reached this office in manuscript. The author tells of a certain girl named Augusta who loved a young man, but who feared that her father would forbid her marriage with him. When the subject was broached to the old gentleman, the following remarkable result ensued—

"And then her father vowed that she
Should never Mullins wed,
And so she swooned away and soon
Lay motionless and dead."

The reason for the obduracy of the old gentleman is not given, but we presume it was because he disliked the name of Mullins. And this was the more senseless because if we were asked to select from the directory the one name which combines melodious sweetness and wild rhythmic beauty with symmetrical fitness for a front door-plate we should inevitably choose the name of Mullins. The death of the girl is involved in mystery. If she had a torpid liver, or fatty degeneration of the heart, or only one lung, the fact is not revealed by the poet. We are driven therefore to the supposition that she perished because she couldn't have her Mullins. We only call attention to the remarkable character of her case for the purpose of expressing a regret that the poet also did not suffer disappointment respecting somebody named Mullins before he wrote these verses. If he would perish suddenly as Augusta did, the world would be happier and the task of conducting newspapers easier.

—All the European guide-books tell us that two of the thigh bones of St. Augustine are deposited in Milan, and now we learn from a letter from Peru, just published in one of the daily papers, that there is another one of Augustine's thigh bones at Lima. It is transparently clear therefore that that noble old father of the early Christian church had three legs and just fifty per cent. greater pantaloon capacity than any of his fellow laborers in the good cause. We are of course not prepared to say, with any degree of positiveness, that he had *only* three legs. Other thigh bones may turn up in the progress of time which will prove St. Augustine to have been a kind of clerical centipede. But whatever is developed regarding the number of his legs, we will believe it. We have made up our mind not to be skeptical about anything that relates to St. Augustine, and nobody will shake our faith even with a story that the great and good man was born with silver-plated ribs and with a snow-plough in his pocket.

—We had a good deal of trouble in the early part of the summer with Chubb's chickens. As fast as we would plant anything in our little garden, those chickens of Chubb's would creep through the fence, scratch out the seeds, fill up and go home. When the radish bed had been ravished in this manner for the fifth time, we complained to Chubb. He was not disposed to interfere. "Adeler," he said, "I tell you it does 'em good; it does them beds good to be raked over by chickens. If I have reddishes, give me chickens to scratch around 'em and eat up the worms. Reddishes that haven't been scratched, ain't worth a cent." Then we climbed over the fence with a determination to take the law into our own hands. We procured half a peck of corn and two dozen diminutive fish-hooks. Fastening the hooks each into a grain of corn, we tied thin wire to each hook. Then we scattered the whole of the corn on the radish-bed and fixed the ends of the wires to the biggest skyrocket we could get. The rocket stood in a frame about ten yards away from the hooks. That very morning Chubb's chickens came over and instantly began to devour the corn. We were ready, and as soon as it was evident that the hooks were all swallowed, we applied a match to that rocket. It is regarded as probable that no barn-yard fowls that have lived since the day when the morning stars first sang together, ever proceeded toward the azure vault of Heaven with such rapidity as those did. A fizz, a few ejaculatory cackles, a puff of smoke, and Chubb's roosters and pullets were swishing around among the celestial constellations without their feathers, and in some doubt respecting the stability of earthly things. Chubb never knew what became of his fowls; but when we read in the paper next day that twenty-four underdone chickens, with fish-hooks in their craws, had been rained down by a hurricane in New Jersey, we felt certain that that sky-rocket had done its duty.

—An advertisement now appearing in the papers urges as one of the advantages of a new kind of soothing syrup that "it cured the oldest child of the Prince of Wales of hooping-cough." This of course settles the question whether it shall be used in our family. If our children haven't the hooping-cough when we go home, we shall take measures to give it to them in the most aggravated form, just for the pleasure of curing them with the same soothing syrup that relieved the young English prince. It is not often that we miserable mud-sills of Americans have a chance to get as close to royalty as that, and we are going to make the best of the opportunity. We would inoculate a child of ours with a combination of yellow fever, mumps, liver-complaint and bunions if it was necessary, in order to use this medicine in the way that that royal cherub used it.

☞ INDUSTRY.—The servants of industry are known by their appearance. Their garb is always whole and wholesome. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him; but in every instance an industrious man becomes more industrious, the wife more active and careful, the children better educated and more fitted for their station in life. When the habit is formed of acquiring property, whether real or personal, the individual feels a solid satisfaction within his mind of which the spendthrift can form no idea.

☞ CHEERFULNESS is a matter which depends fully as much on the state of things within as on the state of things without and around.

ONE SUMMER'S DAY.

Although it was late in August,
The fields on that perfect day,
Lay green with the pure sweet verdure
They wear in the early May.

And through the wavering branches
Fell a shower of golden snow,
That noiselessly drifted downward
On the meadow grass below.

And far away to the westward
I saw the cool woods lie;
And the hills of Wissahickon,
Standing dim against the sky.

O, that sunny, smiling heaven!
How calmly it bent above,
With never a cloud to dim it,
Like a dream of perfect love!

The air was so still and dreamy,
And yet 'twas so strangely clear,
That thoughts of the spring-time blended
With those of September near.

Then, softly as sleep-dew sealing,
A charm on my rapt soul fell,
That was strange and sweet and nameless,
And part of the rare day's spell.

And, shadowy through the sunshine,
I beheld the dear forms rise
Of those who may never, never
Be seen by my waking eyes.

And glad on their lifted faces,
And bright on their dear gray hair,
Shone a smile of light celestial,
And a glory wondrous fair.

Then my eyes grew hot and aching,
Grew dim with unshed tears,
And my heart cried out within me
For the love of bygone years.

Only the sigh of the west wind,
The cry of a passing bird,
Replied to my outward being,
But I said in my soul, "God heard."

KITTIE.

RED KELLY;

OR,

The Free Riders of the Plains.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES,

AUTHOR OF "WERTZAL, THE SCOUT," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FEARFUL ENCOUNTER.

The Indians charged with fierce whoops and yells, the white hunters met them in silence. Hand to hand the fight went forward and desperate wrestlers bounced and rolled about the ground.

Griff could distinguish the heavy "yah! yah!" of Champ as he churned and pommelled some brawny brave; anon he would leap to another position with a sort of rumbling bellow like a vengeful buffalo. It had come to be a mad struggle for a brief existence, which a few moments at most would now determine, and in spite of the desperate courage of the hunters their doom seemed sealed. Presently, however, there came a wild, sharp, prolonged cry, and the trampling of horses' feet, giving the savages the impression that a reinforcement from some other quarter had arrived, and carrying consternation into their midst. Yet two or three of them clung to their victims with a zeal worthy of a better cause.

It was well that they did not know how feeble was that reinforcement—only young Felix—who, unable longer to bear the suspense, had returned, and giving the horses into Rob's care, had by a strange guidance ran to the spot where Vitee, for once, had been sorrowfully tamed by the Indians. Terribly wounded, seemingly dead, the brave fellow lay helpless, while the scalping-knife in the panting victor's hand was coming like a thunderbolt around his doomed head, when Felix, stepping astride the prostrate body, discharged his revolver full in the fiendish face of the brave. He staggered, and Felix's shot was followed by another and still another pistol ball, till, if possible, the Indian was killed twice over.

"Help, boys, help!" gasped Champ, striving to keep pinioned the arms of the savage with whom he had been locked in a fearful struggle for some moments—"help, boys, help!" for he saw the uplifted arm and conquering tomahawk that was approaching from another quarter.

But not one of the "boys" could respond to the call. Wounded desperately or grappling with the red men, not one could heed the agonized cry.

Champ, brave as a lion, saw his doom approaching, yet he relaxed not a muscle from his pinioned prisoner, but involuntarily closed his eyes awaiting the thud of the already reeking steel.

Maria Bradford had leaped to her feet at the sound of Champ's frenzied call; too well she realized that disaster to the party—to him—meant captivity worse than death to herself, and with a sudden resolution not to survive the brave men, she ran back to the scene of the fray. The brilliant starlight, and the scout's second call defined his position. Stratagem is woman's best weapon of defence. She had been provided before the attack with a heavy horse-pistol, but fearing to trust to an unsteady aim, she suddenly plunged to the earth, hurling herself with such hidden and unexpected force against the legs of the warrior that he stumbled over her and fell to the ground. His tomahawk buried itself in the sod, and a crashing blow upon the side of his head from the heavy pistol, rendered his combativeness impotent and still.

Felix again uttered that wild, terrible cry, more like the scream of a panther than of the human voice, and the accompanying pistol shots conveyed the idea of assistance from a fresh party of whites.

The remaining uninjured savages fled, not excepting the one whom Champ had been so forcibly embracing for some little time.

"Oh, Vitee is dead, is dead!" gasped young Felix, kneeling by his body and bending over the silent form while the scalding tears rained over his sunburned cheeks.

"Dead! God forbid!" echoed Champ, "but my first duty is ter see that none er these noble red men is playin' possum. Yer better off in ther Injin's heaving," soliloquized he, adopting measures to keep the swarthy demons from taking the trail again: "and ef Vitee's gut er through ticket by this ere scrummage, thar sha'n't be whole enough hide left on one ov these heathing ter make a baby mogerson of, I swar it.

The first white tinge of dawn looked in upon a sorry company. The three dead men were buried in a little knoll, and scarcely a man felt able to move forward.

"He ain't quite gone," said Champ, hugging his smarting shoulder and slapping his minced-up hand, "but" turning to Felix, who held Vitee's blood-stained head upon his breast, "it's a case, my boy, where tears an' groans don't avail, tho' bless the heart that kin offer sich ter prove his love; but we've gut ter git ther mouths ov his wounds shet, or ther ther life 'll go out in the little blud that's coming to ther openin's."

"You can help us there?" questioned Griff, coming forward with spoilt paces.

"Oh, my, yes, a leetle; but they've did a heap ov a job fur you—turned yer inter er splitfoot. How'd yer do it?"

"Got tangled up in such a way that he brained my foot as he fell, instead of my head."

Young Felix, Maria Bradford and the boy Rob were all who had escaped unwounded.

Champ, groaning in spirit, had knelt beside what he had supposed was Vitee's corpse, but the feeble pulse and faint heart-beats proclaimed that life was not quite extinct.

It was a slow and painful task to bind up the brave fellow's wounds, and Champ's face made grimaces and contortions that would have done credit to an ourang outang: the smart of his own wounds was anything but exhilarating.

"An' we must be on the move; them fellars, no doubt, hez anm brethren ez'll scent ther blood ov this festivity an' return. We've got a solemnitious journey ahead, movin' no farster nor a hearse. Wall, wall, of this bizziness furm ain't failed up, I won't remark again. Ain't we squelched?—an' them poor fellars under the tuf thar, mebbs hedn't run over thar ackounts with ther Lord fur years; didn't know how they stood in ther ledger. Oh, my, wall, it ain't fur us ter say; only ef enny of this battered cumpany ever prayed, and ef they hev faith in prayer, let's put up er partition that Red Kelly don't overtake us in this plight, not'll we git inter ther outposts sumpwhars an' recruited."

A little after this the scout again remarked—

"It's er pity, Griff, that you're lame in ther huff, we could manage to carry poor Vitee on a litter till we git furder along down stream whar thar's sum willer as we ken rig up a stretcher of an' fasten it upon two ov ther hosses, as 'll move evener an' easier than we could."

"I will manage my foot," returned the young man. "I can punch along on my heel for awhile."

"An' save stubbin' yer toe on that side," humorously added Champ.

They now arranged that two of the men who could boast each a well arm, Griff and the scout, should sling up a blanket, upon which the unconscious form of Vitee was stretched, and move as carefully as possible down the sharp declivities, while some of the others with half the horses should get on in advance, and the rest follow after.

It was a solemn moving procession that the full light of day shone on; not one of them—save the unconscious scout—was unmindful of the dangers that beset them, fearful dangers, and there was not a sound old veteran in the ranks. They got on for a few hours, keeping close to the stream, because the fringe of bush afforded them some protection from prying eyes.

Punjo—a half-breed—led off, riding up the elevations to reconnoitre, but the anguish of their wounds induced the company to halt and have a few hours' rest. Looking to their weapons and posting a sentinel, the jaded party apathetically sought a few hours' repose. Maria Bradford, grateful to Heaven and the brave men for her release, yet painfully feeling that her freedom had been purchased at a priceless cost, was untiring in her ministrations to them all. She had one of their bales of goods—predestined for Indian trade—unpacked, and she bound up the sore and smarting wounds with soft bandages. She bathed the fevered head of the unconscious Vitee; she made the men coffee over a bit of fire which she kindled in a crevice of rock; and in an hundred ways only known to women, she ministered to their wants.

While resting there by the stream, they learned how Champ had stalked silently as a spirit into the midst of the Indian lodges, had listened at the opening of the one holding Ben's girl, until he had located the whereabouts of the old platter-faced squaw, by her jerky, uproarious snoring; how Maria's soft inhalations were also noted, and how, armed with a bit of fringe from the hunting-shirt which he wore, he had stepped over the old squaw's odorous body, and drawn the string softly across the sleeping girl's visage. Half waking and brushing at an imaginary insect, her hand had wandered into that of the scout, while his other was pressed upon her lips.

Everything was plain to her. How many times in her father's cabin had she listened to Champ's accounts of rescuing white captives, and heard of his invariable method of awakening them without alarming their captors; and although her heart beat so loudly that she trembled lest it should arouse the old squaw who guarded her waking and sleeping moments, she softly arose, and after what seemed an eternity of time, they were out of the tent. But they were scarcely beyond the range of the lodges, when the snapping of some dry twigs upon which they had inadvertently stepped, gave the alarm.

The fearful encounter that followed is already known to the reader.

After the night had again fallen upon the plains, the party of wounded men about to move forward, experienced a huge fright.

It was the silent gliding down the stream on whose banks they were encamped, of a fleet of birch canoes. The party of white men were closely huddled together among the scrubby growth of trees—the horses picketed a little ways back; and they could but acknowledge to themselves that an attack at this time must be fatal to them all, and swell that list of barbarisms where every one is slain and none escape to tell the tale.

But Champ had forgotten his wounds, and crawling forward to the front he held his trusty rifle ready for a hearty welcome to the foe.

He, however, discovered the long rakish canoes, with their occupants kneeling along the bottom, and he rightly conjectured that this was some piscatory tribe moving silently along in the darkness to new fishing grounds. There was something inexpressibly weird in the still gliding downward of these shadowy barges, suggesting to a lively and enchanted imagination the return of the disembodied remnants of once powerful tribes to the scenes and localities of their former triumphs. A far more pleasing state of things to be imagined by the lonely and wounded white hunter, depend upon it, than to have it a reality as it was.

Feeling that there was nothing to be feared from these squatting, inferior aborigines, the party again began their toilsome journey toward the outposts. Toward sunrise of the sixth day they were close into Fort H——, but not until they were near enough for short range of the guns of the fortification did Champ lay down his watchful fear of Red Kelly and his ochred allies.

There were groans and hisses, and some imprecations, as the nature might be, when the party relaxed their nerves inside the barracks and allowed their wounds a hearing. Griff's foot, long before, eschewing shoe or boot, had taken upon itself the breadth and plumpness of a moderate-sized turtle. The incessant strain upon it, aided by the damps and cold, had induced this departure from the shape of nature. Other men sizzled over their refractory and unyielding cuts. Vitee was tossing and talking in the delirium of a weak, aggravating fever; and as for Champ, he had been the very fellow that had had *his* complexion altered. He had the blue eyes and sandy hair—even if he had put forth a similar lotion for the benefit of the Sioux nation.

There was a sort of mild jubilee held over Maria Bradford when she was brought, alive and well, among those who had known and revered staunch old Ben, her father; and her firm convictions coincided with those of Champ, that Red Kelly was the instigator of the fearful tragedy.

"Who is this villain whom you call Red Kelly?" asked Griff, of the scout, as they sat one afternoon grimacing over their pipes, as they gingerly probed about their mending wounds with a questioning finger.

"The chaplain at the fort," began Champ, seeming, at first, to be roving wide from the question, "preached sumat about a beast with seven heads an' ten horns, or ten heads an' seven horns—at a ventur', it's Kelly."

"You have seen him?"

"Heard him—felt him—is more ter ther pint. Seen him, perhaps, a dozen times, too, by daylight, but not's I knows on. When thar's an unusually murderous attack of Sioux on ther frontier, it's ther watchword as how Red Kelly's led 'em. But his prowess ain't all expended on the border—he's here, an' there, an' everywhar; now in this character, now in that."

"You astonish me. Are no efforts made to penetrate his disguises and arrest him?"

"Plenty, plenty on 'em—but ther most ov ther borderers don't know jest who Red Kelly is. By times they run like ther mischief on his trail, an' if er fox breaks covert an' a coyote at ther same time, they halt in er muddle. An' which shall I pursue? *which is which?* thar ye hev it, Griff."

"Is there no way of identifying him?"

"Ef I hed a clinch once with Red Kelly on ther Texas border, an' I've allus hed the delusive fancy that I gut ther better on him in ther jounce—'till another uninvited party stepped in an' closed my bulged eyes in sleep—temporary an' forcibel repose—then thar's a leetle descripiency in his shape that would lead me ter hev at him eventooally with 'thou art ther man!'"

"Now, then," says Griff, "sometime after you have mended the rents in your body corporeal, do you intend to follow up your trade with the tribes beyond the mountains?"

"Suttingly; I've, in a measure, fulfilled my promise to old Ben—honest old Ben Bradford. I've brought, with the aid of my allied forces, the gal in safe ter ther settlements. I hev yet ter make the ravenous wolves lap the airth where his right'us blood was spilt an' yet cries out ter me for vengunce; but shilly-shallying about ther outposts won't do that. No, I shall strike ther trail agin durin' ther winter, or airly in spring an' see what I ken see. Say," with a genuine smile, "do yer think Dempster is sick er ther flats and ridges?"

Both of the men laughed as the professor had said but little in regard to cuts and bruises; but alas for his specimens of agates, quartz, marl, granite and what not; he had had to do the battering ram with his canvas bag of rocks, and I assure you, bygone David was nowhere with his one puny sling beside this disciple of modern science. He had slung right and left as long as there was a shot in the locker; and after that had made some progress in the game with his hatchet. He went into the affray a man, zealous for geology and lost arts, carrying a Sinbad pack of valuable minerals on his back; he came out despoiled of his treasures, even to the enormous blue spectacles mentioned on his first appearance. But with praiseworthy perseverance he declared his intention of going back directly to look for the missing articles.

In spite of the sadness engendered in the breasts of the party by the untimely death of their companions, and the likely to be fatal sickness of Vitee, no one could repress a smile at Dempster's impotent fury concerning his own disaster.

"And, Griff," questioned the scout, "what are you kalkerlatin' to do fur yer kentry in ther futur'?"

"I hardly know," said Griff, facetiously, "unless I run for deputy sheriff of this county and make it an object to fetch Red Kelly in."

"I'll nominate ye myself, by the four winds er Heaving! at ther comin' fall 'lection, ef ye'll take ther office."

"All right," returned the young man, in jocular tones, "meanwhile that I await my coming honors, I must make De Lancy acquainted with my welfare, and ascertain whether Colonel Dewey," with a sly wink at Champ, "has a more lucrative position than you propose on his staff awaiting my acceptance."

CHAPTER IX.

MISS POINSON.

In accordance with the intention made known to the scout, Griff, so soon as his foot had yielded to proper treatment and sank to ordinary shape, mounted his horse and took the route leading through Puitneyville, in order to learn the whereabouts of the boy whom he had left among strangers at the time he brought him in from warning Champ of the murder of Mr. Bradford's family. Maria had found him and carried him with her to the outpost, where Vitee—"Lingum Vitee," Duffy had called him—was wrestling feebly with the insatiable monster, Death.

So Griff drove directly on to T——, where De Lancy's headquarters were. Here he expected not only to meet Colonel Dewey but De Lancy, Keith and one of the "partners."

He found the street and number, and the servant showed him into the parlor to await the entrance of the mistress, having first informed the visitor that Mr. De Lancy and the colonel were out, but as he understood were to return by dinner time.

"Not out of town?" questioned Griff.

"I think, sir," said the obsequious fellow, "that they are at the office transacting business."

The young man entered and seated himself in the handsome and elegantly-furnished apartment.

The mistress unaccountably delayed her coming, and Griff crossed to the mantel to examine a pair of portraits which he imagined might be those of Colonel Dewey and his wife. While intensely preoccupied with rambling thoughts, as he gazed upon the paintings, a soft, silky rustle in his near vicinity, excited his attention. He turned his head and beheld a sylph-like creature advancing toward him on tip-toe with a finger on her red lip; but no sooner had she caught a glimpse of the visitor's face than her attitude changed, and she, at first, showed a pretty hesitation, and then came frankly forward.

"Please excuse me, sir," she apologized, "I misunderstood Thomas—and supposed that Mr. De Lancy was in here. And you will accept Mrs. Dewey's regrets—she, also, supposed that it was Mr. De Lancy—as she cannot come down this morning, having a troublesome headache to-day."

"No excuses are necessary; and, perhaps, I address Colonel Dewey's daughter?" questioningly.

"No, no; I am not so fortunate as that."

"I am sorry," was Griff's involuntary, and as he in an instant confessed to himself, silly remark.

"So am I," she returned, archly, "if as his daughter I should be more agreeable to his guests."

"I had the sudden fancy—" went on the young man, rather bewildered in what he wished to say to her, but he got no farther lest he should say what he thought instead of what he meant to—but with feminine adroitness she freed him from the tangle, by explaining with a face suddenly growing serious.

"He has no children—all died, I think—one, recently; since which time Mrs. Dewey has been a confirmed invalid. Will you have refreshments?—yes, certainly; I will bring you a cup of coffee."

Griff protested that he had breakfasted but a short time before and was in need of nothing."

"But, please," she urged, "it will pass away the time," and with a dimpling smile, "I am not remarkably gifted in entertaining people;" and before the young man could farther protest, she had, with a charming assumption of authority, tripped down the stairs.

Griff drew a long breath when she had vanished, but whether dazzled by her loveliness, or struggling with some masterful impression, he would have found it difficult to explain.

She was not long absent, and dismissing Martha at the door, she brought in the tray with bread and cold chicken, jellies and coffee upon it, and placing it upon a small, unoccupied table, invited him to partake.

He could not refuse, and so went through the form of eating, when he was not the least particle hungry.

Afterward:

"Do you like engravings?" she asked, "here is a portfolio, and, although I am a very medium judge, I think them excellent. When you have finished looking at them you shall hear me play some, and so time will pass better than you imagine. They will be here at two o'clock."

Almost any other man would have turned off a score of pretty compliments for her benefit, but, unfortunately, if she sighed for conquest, Griff's thoughts were running backward, bitterly enough, to "The Girl I Left Behind Me;" but he sufficiently recalled himself to assure her that time never hung wearisomely upon his hands, and that both music and engravings were delightful means of enjoyment to him. She brought the portfolio and laid it on his knees, and from the soft, dark masses of her beautiful hair drifted waves of subtle perfume as sweet and delicate as the dew-distilled aroma of flowers.

Sitting beside him, she turned the pictures over, with a running commentary concerning beauties or defects, and discovered to the young man nice points of shading and exquisite touches of color, which he frankly acknowledged he might not have noticed without her aid.

"See where the moonlight filters through this ruined cathedral, and silvers the ivies and shrubbery, and lies broad and white upon the lake beyond. What a happy faculty the artist has of catching and transferring to canvas only the beautiful. Now you will smile, but I expect there are homely gaps in the real abutments of that picturesque bridge, and lizards in the black water underneath, don't you?" and she shrugged her shoulders, sending out a wave of the intoxicating perfume somewhere prisoned in her silky tresses.

As she ran on in this childish manner, lifting a quick, smiling glance at him from her dark, brilliant eyes, a medley of odd memories rushed into Griff's mind. What had he read of Circe, and syrens, and such like witches? He came almost to exclaim aloud, "Avaunt!" but recollected in time to strangle the expression.

He never had any definite idea of how the intervening time sped, until two o'clock brought the gentleman whom he wished to see; but pictures of the Rhine and sunny Italia, mixed in with sweet chords, and the words, "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true," in such a jumble as seldom visits other than a delirious brain.

He saw a graceful motion, heard a murmur of excuses, and the door closed upon the lady's retreating form. The spell was broken, and he realized that he was unconsciously exchanging salutations with Colonel Dewey and De Lancy.

After dinner, which was a sort of one-sided affair, having only the housekeeper to preside, as the colonel's lady regretted being too ill to act the part of hostess, and Miss Poinson did not choose to leave her, De Lancy took a moment's time, when Colonel Dewey was in an adjoining room, to inquire what Griff thought of the brilliant girl who had left them.

Griff shook his head in such a fickle-minded way, that, with a smile, De Lancy desisted from pressing him for his opinion.

After the business which had brought young Hume thither had been amply discussed, and he was once more on the street, he questioned himself: "Who and what is she?" but as the matter strictly belonged to the riddle department, it was as yet unsolvable.

He was expected to make his return in the evening, the place of appointment being De Lancy's office, where he would meet Keith.

He met only Keith at the hour named.

"Ah," said Griff, "De Lancy is not yet arrived."

"He sent a note. He is unable to meet with us."

"'Tell Griff,' runs the writing, 'that I will see him in the morning. Say that Dewy can secure him a lieutenant's commission at Fort H——, with every probability of speedy promotion; or I can furnish him with the tamer occupation of clerk, book-keeper, accountant, or whatever he is a mind to call it, in our office.'"

"I am sorry that I did not meet him," the young man remarked, "as I wished his advice in a matter of some importance; however, if I see him in the morning it will answer as well."

"My young friend," began Keith, with an odd twist of his inimitable countenance, "I am fully as competent to advise you, at present, as our demented Dick."

Griff looked up inquiringly.

"I mean that he has gone stark, staring mad after that Miss Poignard, or Poinson, now stopping with the Deweys."

"Who is she, anyhow?"

"How could I venture an opinion? You have seen her?"

"To-day."

"She is beautiful as an houri?"

"I presume so."

"Presume, man? And you have seen her?"

"To confess the truth, then"—Griff did not halt in his speech—"no doubt she is pretty, but I got such an odd jumble of impressions about her, that they disturbed my judgment."

"Frankly, you do not like her?"

"Frankly, I do not."

"Thank God, then, it isn't anything so mean as envy or jealousy that has biased my judgment and set me to watching her. De Lancy, Flamm—the partner of De Lancy—and Colonel Dewey—yes, Dewey—confidentially, as true as I am a sinner, are ready to die, fight, or do almost anything for her; and I have tried to make myself understand that I cannot be guilty of jealousy, only as it pertains to political opponents. But you wanted to advise with Dick upon business affairs. That's it; now what is in, or on, your mind to do?"

Griff briefly ran over some ideas that were in his head.

"And here are two offers," laying his hand emphatically upon the note which he had just read to his companion, "and *I* do not care particularly to have you accept a situation on the frontier outposts. I have a heavy and dangerous business connection here, which it seems to me you are competent to enter as partner."

Keith briefly ran over his business connections, which the reader in proper time shall be made acquainted with, and finished up with a sort of muscular contortion, and the question—

"What do you say?"

Griff had been tilted back in his chair, burning incense—if it please you—in his briar-wood mortar. He brought his rearing chair down upon the floor, elevated his eyebrows just a little, and questioned:

"Why not accept both situations?"

Keith's face lighted up with a sudden flash.

"You are as covetous, apparently, as a government official, but I catch your idea, and it is good."

He suddenly slid his hand across the table that separated them, and their fingers clasping, swung up and down in the signs of mystic fellowship.

A powerful silence reigned for a brief time, then, widely foreign to the later subject, Griff questioned:

"Keith, who is this Miss Poinson—or rather how is she connected with Dewey's family?"

"The sudden death, under trying circumstances, of Colonel Dewey's only remaining child, rendered his delicate wife a confirmed invalid. This Miss Poinson acts as companion to the lady."

The questioner nodded, satisfied with the information.

"De Lancy is doing a herculean business in the brokery line, buying and selling shares, stocks and real estate."

"What has become of the second partner?"

"Wakefield? He sloughed off on his own hook, and has taken some sort of an agency in New Mexico."

"And the other?"

"Oh, Flamm? He continues the partnership with Dick, only in a sort of desultory way. He is not a local partner, but is a species of travelling solicitor. He seems to be thoroughly acquainted with every part of the west, and if—and if—There! I suppose that I was going to make a foolish remark, for I was about to say that if Dick wouldn't get tangled up with this woman—what a Betty I am to be sure—but it seems to me as if she is somehow to work him woe."

"Tangled up with the woman!" The expression haunted Griff all that night. It haunted him always when circumstances brought him into her presence.

In spite of Keith's warning words, in spite of De Lancy's grand passion for her, and Col. Dewey's infatuation; in spite of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and his uncompromising front, Griff drifted slowly but surely toward the barbed hook.

She had such a sweet and pretty air of "lingering to caress you" with her soft, dark eyes and brilliant smile, that the man must have been stoical or moulded of adamant to resist her influence.

"Mr. Hume," she asked one day when Mrs. Dewey slumbered and allowed her a respite from her ministrations, "is there such a thing as free-will agency in this world of ours?"

"The doctrine has many advocates," was Griff's non-committal reply.

"But, if you please, what is *your* opinion?"

Griff looked up with a smile.

"If I choose not to confess?"

"Oh, you will not, in that case."

But in a moment a sudden fire flashed into her eyes, a quick glow leaped to her cheeks, and she went on vehemently:

"It is a false theory. There is no free-will choice for us. We are born with the good or the evil in our natures predominant. The strongest conquers. The circumstances which surround us before and after birth make or mar us, in spite of all the doctrine to the contrary. If I, by nature, am of a soft, gentle, pliant, long-suffering, forgiving disposition, where is the glory if I be pedestalled St. Agatha? If, on the contrary, I be bred and reared among the Gentiles, and I blossom into a fiend incarnate; if I work woe because woe is my portion; if I sin because I am sinned against, does it or does it not prove that I—that we are machines and machines only, formed, patented and made use of until we are no longer needed, when we are stoven in pieces by disease or calamity—buried, and—and what is it all for? What is it all worth?"

She paused for breath, and Griff, astonished, looked upon her flashing, disturbed face.

"I have had similar reflections," he calmly returned—"they are perplexing, and will not 'down' at the bidding."

"And how did you decide the matter?—how did you?"

In her earnestness she rested her soft hand upon his fingers, where they lay on the sofa arm.

He felt that she had some object in the almost fiercely put question, but he only turned his hand over, palm upwards, and clasped the slender fingers that fell upon it.

"You might censure my judgment if I told you."

The fire of her brilliant eyes was quenched in a sudden rush of tears.

"You would not be a friend that I could trust in," she said, with a quiver in her tones.

Griff dropped his hold of the clinging hand.

"No person ever said that—ever had reason to say that of me, Miss Poinson. As a friend, I *am* to be relied on; as an enemy, I am as faithful."

Again the fading crimson surged redly into her cheeks.

"My ideas are most mischievously expressed. As a friend, you would be fidelity itself—as an enemy, implacable, vindictive; but you could not be *my* friend, for lack of consanguine sympathy. Yet, somehow, allow me to say, I should have more to hope from your open enmity than from the seeming friendship of others."

Colonel Dewey entering, interrupted this interview. Miss Poinson's light, childish playfulness immediately returned. She exclaimed rapturously at a small, chaste and costly bouquet of green-house flowers which he held.

"For poor Mrs. Dewey?" she exclaimed, taking a clasp of his hand with her dainty fingers. "How kind and thoughtful you are. May I take them up to her, please?"

Griff Hume, who had been exceedingly embarrassed on the colonel's entrance at the rather equivocal position in which he had been found—sitting by the lady, while her flushed cheeks and dewy eyes might mislead the most unsusceptible nature to be suspicious—had done just what he ought not to. Turning confusedly away when the usual exchange of salutations had passed, he unfortunately, or fortunately, as you please, saw in a treacherous mirror the whole tableaux.

When Miss Poinson had so naively asked, "For Mrs. Dewey?" the gallant colonel had softly whispered, bending until his grizzled mustache quite touched her handsome brow:

"For you, darling."

She shook her head, with an air of the greatest self-sacrifice, and let her white hand flit over the flowers until she had selected the blossom of the sweetest and tenderest language, and placing the stem between her rose-red lips and giving him a glance from under her expressive, sliding lids, she again repeated:

"For Mrs. Dewey—how kind you are."

Griff having seen this in the mirror—the girl's acceptance of the grand, soldierly colonel's undisguisable adoration—aspirated—

"Good God! let me get hence; better in this case run like a coward than to court inglorious defeat. Now, then," was his next reflection, "on what ground, socially, can Dick De Lancy and Dewey meet? And what of the frail, faded and heart-broken invalid, confined mostly to her room with languishing disease?"

He shrugged his muscular shoulders; he shuddered a little as the scent of violets and heliotropes drifted up to him on the air, disturbed by the soft closing of the door behind the syren.

"Colonel," he said, on closing the morning's interview, "I will carry those despatches of which you spoke yesterday."

"I"—hesitated the genial officer—"it's a dangerous expedition."

"I know, but then some one must go, and why not myself as well as another?"

"The Delawares are hostile—it is through their country that you will have to pass. I thought, perhaps—comprehend me—that a man of more experience in savage tactics might not be so imperilled as one lacking the knowledge."

"Perhaps my very ignorance in this matter may insure me safety. I should naturally use the more caution."

"Your argument has force, and you can start as soon as it pleases you."

"To-night, then," answered Griff, and an hour later a soiled note was placed in his hand by a courier.

"You're elected, Griff—sheriff, detector, envoy plenipo extraordinarry, and er &c. to L—— County. CHAMP.

"Writ through Duffy."

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 8.)

THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

OR, THE

Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MEETING IN THE GLEN.

Marie was somewhat excited at the result of this conversation. Henry Ogden must have had a secret reason for wishing to deceive her in relation to the carpenter he had employed. Any secret in which he was concerned, was just now highly interesting to her.

Why should he tell a falsehood about a matter apparently of so little consequence? Had he told the truth she would not have taken a second thought of it. But Louis's praise of the workman had brought from her the question about Mr. Green, who she knew was not celebrated for ability.

It must have been a nervous fear of some possibly unpleasant consequences that induced Henry Ogden to lie to her about so trifling a matter.

The conclusion of all this at once rose in her mind. It had risen, in fact, like a flash, during her interview with Louis, and had induced her last remarks to him.

There was a skilful worker in wood in request. The figure-head of the boat must have been made by a man well skilled in the use of tools, and with some natural talent for carving. Would not the new proprietor of Glendale then be likely to employ a man of whose ability he had such knowledge, in the particular work he needed done? His effort to deceive her in relation to this man's identity seemed to her plain evidence that he had done so.

She had probed him rather sharply with her persistent allusions to the murder, and had found him to wince, as if deeply touched by her remarks. The strong pictures drawn had been made with a view to this effect, and she had viewed the irrepressible emotion displayed by him with the critical eye of one skilled in the analysis of human feelings.

It might, of course, have been simple feeling for his uncle that caused his nervousness and impatience, but he was hardly the man to be so deeply affected by such a cause, and his former relations with his uncle were hardly calculated to induce any strong feeling toward him.

She chose rather to view it as the irrepressible workings of a guilty mind, surprised by the suddenness and vividness of her word-pictures, which stirred in his soul dreadful memories that overcame him despite himself.

He must have been deeply moved to give way to an impatience of manner that amounted to rudeness, for he had never before been lacking in the utmost politeness to her.

She went home fully confirmed in her opinion of his guilt, and strongly hoping that she had obtained a clue which might lead to some important discovery.

Marie had watched closely since last seeing Mr. Blackstone, for the spy whom he told her might be placed upon her movements.

She had seen no evidence of any such person, however, and began to imagine that he was falsely alarmed. True, she had been out but little, and had given no occasion for any one to follow her.

She now resumed her daily walks up the glen, partly induced by the growing beauty of the October woods, but more strongly by the hope of again meeting her lover, whom she burned with the desire of warning against the danger that threatened him.

His disguise had been penetrated, and he might be at any moment arrested. He was so assured of the completeness of his new costume that he would perhaps expose himself to the risk of arrest. She

hoped that she might be enabled to put him on his guard in time to avoid this danger.

Her vigilant observation was not neglected in these walks. There was a constant dread in her mind of the espionage said to have been placed upon her, and she viewed every strange person she met with a suspicious eye, fearing that each unknown face was the mask of a spy.

One person in particular, passed her in every walk she had taken, a tall, ill-favored, mechanic-like man. But as, so far as she could see, he did not even look at her, but passed straight on and disappeared round the curve of the glen—she could hardly consider it more than coincidence. She saw him once or twice, however, during her walks through the village, not appearing to look at her, but to be simply idling and sunning himself.

Marie began to have a nervous dread of this man. There was a spy, and who so likely as this stranger, who appeared in sight on every occasion of her leaving the house.

It is at all times unpleasant to feel that our movements are observed. It was doubly so now that she felt so deeply the object of this persistent observation, and a nervous thrill came to affect her every time her eyes fell upon this innocent-looking man, who never seemed to see her, and who might simply have been a mechanic out of a situation.

One afternoon, a week and more after her visit to Glendale, she took her accustomed walk up the glen, nervously expecting, at every step, to be passed by the man whom she feared was dogging her footsteps.

But on this occasion he failed to make his appearance, and it was with a sense of elation that she turned back after reaching the accustomed limit of her walk.

She felt that she had been either mistaken in her views concerning him, or that the solitary and innocent nature of her walks had convinced him that there was nothing to be learned in this quarter.

At any rate she was free from his presence to-day, and it was strange what a sense of relief and light-heartedness arose from this feeling of freedom from espial.

She was disturbed in the thoughts that were occupying her by a low whistle that came from the wood to the right. Glancing hastily in that direction her eyes fell on an embrowned and bearded face, well remembered by her.

The body was half concealed by the trunk of a tree, only the face and shoulders appearing. But these were enough to reveal to her the sailor-dress and disguised face of her lover.

Looking heedfully around, lest the dreaded spy should be within sight, she stepped hastily within the shelter of the wood, and trod over a carpet of the fallen leaves to where he stood awaiting.

"Dear, dear Marie!" he warmly cried, pressing her hand and kissing her lips with the deep fervor of affection. "You do not know how my soul has hungered for a sight of your face, and for a clasp of your hand."

"Would that I, too, could see your face," she replied, "freed from the necessity of this unpleasant disguise, the noble, frank countenance with which I confess I have fallen in love."

"You shall," he answered, hastily removing his false beard. "A little water will clear me of this stain, which can be replaced in a moment."

"No, no!" she cried, as he walked toward a small spring, for the purpose of carrying out his intentions. "You must not! You are suspected, Robert. You are in danger here at any moment. Every step I have taken has been followed. They imagine that you will try to see me, and are watching me accordingly."

"Is that really the case? I feared so," he replied. "But they will not suspect a dilapidated roving sailor."

"On the contrary," she cried, excitedly, "they have penetrated your disguise. You are in the utmost danger."

"Can it be possible?" he cried, starting in alarm. "Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, I know it to be the case."

"But how? By what means can they have learned this?"

"Your sister and Mr. Graham were suspected, the carriage they used was known, and was traced to the Hermitage."

"Yes, yes, I might have guessed this. It was foolish in me to appoint such a place of meeting. But that alone would not suffice."

"Inquiries were made, and the fact that a strange sailor had been seen elicited. You were traced every step you had taken. Even to this neighborhood they followed you. You may judge to what conclusion they came on finding you had been here."

"I see," he said, somewhat regretfully, "my foolhardiness placed myself in danger, and you in an unpleasant position."

"For myself it does not matter," she replied. "For your sake I would suffer tenfold all I have yet done. It is your danger that grieves and alarms me."

"But this is past, Marie. I was fortunate enough to escape them."

"Do I not tell you that your disguise is known? It is a miracle that you have escaped arrest."

"Not at all. This knowledge is confined to one or two detectives—and they are not going to make it public. They wish the glory of arresting me themselves. They will have to look for something else than a sailor, if they hope to win this glory."

"But you do not know all. I am watched here, and have been for more than a week. Every step that I take is followed—every movement watched. I am in hopes that I escaped the spy to day, however, as I saw nothing of him."

"That is the most alarming circumstance of all, Marie," he replied. "You are scarce able to deal with spies. I feared, from what you have told me, that some such course as this would be taken."

"Am I not right, then? Are you not in great danger?"

"I am in the lion's den; but the lion is not in sight, and I hope to escape him. Forewarned is forearmed. I have no fears but that I will escape this peril."

"And can I do nothing to assist you? Tell me what to do, and I will accomplish it, no matter how difficult."

"That is my own brave-hearted love," he replied, warmly pressing her hand. "You can aid me; though I thought of applying to other sources, and saving you from what might cost considerable trouble."

"Oh, Robert!" she cried, looking reproachfully in his face. "You know how badly I want to aid you! Tell me what I am to do."

"I have other disguises in my sister's care, but dare not attempt to obtain them, after the unfortunate result of the last effort. I must trust to you and Will Graham to aid me now."

"And what shall we do? Tell me quickly. I fear that every moment here increases your danger."

"Write to Mr. Graham to meet you at any place you may appoint in the city. Here is his address. Advise him to be very careful in his movements, that he may not be followed. I wish him to procure for me, the articles which I have written upon this card."

"Yes, yes! what then?"

"He will deliver the package to you, and you will bring it carefully home."

"Will I not be observed?"

"It may be. That risk will have to be encountered. To-day is Tuesday. I think you can have this done by Friday."

"Sooner, if necessary."

"No—Friday will have to answer. If you can bring the package home by Thursday, so much the better. The longer it remains in the house the more likely is it to appear an innocent purchase."

"Yes, Robert—and what then?"

"Be very careful that no one learns its contents. Lock the parcel up in your own room, where no one can meddle with it."

"I will do so. You can depend on my care."

"Take your usual walk in the glen every afternoon."

"Yes. But what shall I do with the parcel?"

"Steal carefully out of the house on Friday night, after it has grown quite dark. It will be a moonless night. Do you think you can find your way here, and dare you attempt it?"

"I dare attempt anything for you, Robert."

"Dear girl, I believe you do love me," and he gallantly raised her hand to his lips. "Conceal the parcel behind this stone, on which we sit, and then make your way carefully home. It is an unpleasant task—but I cannot see any better mode of performing it."

"It is a pleasant task rather," she warmly exclaimed. "It may save you from the threatening danger, and I would go through fire for that. You must go. Every moment here is fraught with peril. But first I have something I wish to tell you."

She proceeded to describe her interview with Henry Ogden, and her suspicions arising from it.

"Is it of any value, Robert?" she timidly asked.

"Of the greatest, dear Marie. It may prove the missing link. Press Louis to fulfil his promise. Can you depend on him?"

"Fully. He is very friendly to me, and does not like Henry Ogden."

"Then by all means get him secretly to learn this man's name. I will see you again soon, and find out what you have discovered."

"Will it be safe for you to see me again?"

"Trust me for that. I have my life in my own hands," he earnestly replied.

After a few more words they parted, she descending watchfully to the glen, he climbing to the crest of the wooded hill.

He had just reached this crest, and was looking about with reference to his next movement, when a step sounded close behind him, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned to find the muzzle of a pistol close to his temple.

"Robert Merivale, you are my prisoner," said a somewhat excited voice. "Attempt to escape, and you are a dead man."

CHAPTER XXV.

BETWEEN CUP AND LIP.

There is nothing more startling than to feel the sudden fall of a heavy hand on your shoulder, and, turning, to gaze directly into the open mouth of a pistol, ready, at the pressure of a finger, to breathe forth fiery death. The disguised man might well be excused for a nervous thrill under such circumstances. Merivale was naturally brave and cool-headed, and it is no imputation on his courage to say that he involuntarily shrank from the cold contact of the weapon presented at his temple.

Yet his native coolness showed itself in the character of the thoughts that on the instant flashed through his mind.

"The man with full confidence in himself would not be so quick with his pistol," he thought. "There is a touch of excitement in his voice that also shows a lack of coolness. He is afraid of me, and hopes to intimidate me at the start. I must act accordingly, until I can have time to think."

Affecting a greater degree of timidity than he felt, he managed at the same time to measure the man before him. It was a tall, slim individual, ill-favored and roughly dressed, answering well to Marie's description of the spy who had been watching her movements.

There was a flush of red in the man's cheek that did not naturally belong there, and Robert could see a slight trembling of his hands. He was evidently excited and nervous over the important capture he had made. His captive at once decided on the part he would play. He had already mentally decided that it would not answer for him to submit to arrest, with such important affairs yet uncompleted. He must devise some means of escape from this person, before falling into more dangerous hands.

"Don't fire, sir!" he said, in a fearful tone. "I will go with you quietly. Take down the pistol, sir. I'm afraid it will go off."

"I guess it will, if you try any capers. It will go off and hurt you. I tell you plainly, my friend, there's no one fools his time with me. If you come along quietly it's all right, but I won't stand no fooling."

"I will, sir. I don't know what you're taking me for, but I'll go quiet. Don't be holding that so close, sir, I don't like the looks of it."

"Very well," said the captor, in a grim tone, as he lowered the weapon. "I want you to understand that I'm not to be fooled with, that's all. If you try to escape you'll get a bullet through you quicker than lightning."

"Where are you going to take me to, and what for? I ain't done nothing. I am a poor sailor, just landed last week."

"Look here, my man, that cock won't crow," said the other, decidedly. "I know who you are, and what you've got on that rig for. You can't shut up my eye so easy. Come, move on."

"Which way, sir?"

"Straight ahead. You keep right in front of me. And mind, if you make a quick step, I'll put a bullet through you. I've got six here ready."

Robert started on, along the summit of the ridge, his captor keeping nearly at his side, but a step behind, with the weapon ready in his hand.

The prisoner looked back over his shoulder frequently, and affected to shudder at the close vicinity of the pistol. His fear was so well simulated, that the officer began to think that he had an easy task in hand, and that there was no danger of difficulty with this man. He reasoned to himself after this fashion:

"It is all very well to deal with an old, unarmed man, but it don't prove any courage. See this fellow, now that he's got into the hands of a resolute man. Why, he trembles like a leaf."

Robert continued to ask him a series of inconsequential questions, as where he was taking him, what did he arrest him for, and so on. He continued to act the sailor, and to declare that his captor was mistaken, that he had done nothing, &c.

"You're a sailor, are you?" asked the officer, satirically. "Maybe, then, you'll know what I mean when I tell you to belay all that. Don't some any old salt's yarns on me. I ain't swallowing chaff now, thank you."

"I'm sure I just stopped out here to see the country. I come from Philadelphia, and have been a long time away, and I wanted to see the old places again, that's all."

"See here, Mr. Robert Merivale, did you ever try catching an old bird with salt? Let me tell you a thing or two. I've watched that lady friend of yours for a week. She knew it, too; I could see it in her eyes, so I kept out of her sight to-day, and just followed up in the woods. I was near enough to see you with her down by the big stone. You might as well show up your hand, you see I've got you spotted. You're not as well got up as you think, either. Any one could see with half an eye that beard does not belong to you. I saw you have it off an hour ago."

"You have me there," said the prisoner, with a slight laugh. "I see you have been a little too sharp for me. How far are we going?"

"It's about a mile yet, and then you'll have the fun of being locked up until I can get a conveyance."

All this time Merivale had been closely watching every movement of his captor, hoping to catch him for a moment off his guard. But he continued to affect the timidity he had shown all through, and to make his watchfulness seem simply dread of the weapon.

He now broke into a loud, strained laugh.

"I give it up," he said. "You have your right man, officer, and there is no use in my trying to play sailor on you any longer."

"There wasn't any use from the start," said the officer, in a pleased tone. "He's a sharp man that shuts my eye up."

"That's plain enough," replied the prisoner. "I'm dreadfully tired, sir. Can't we stop here just as well? You can take a conveyance from here."

The place he referred to was a roadside inn which they were just passing.

"No," said the other, decidedly. "I've got my plans laid, and there's no going back on them."

"I must have some water, then, or something to drink. I'm choked with thirst. Will you not come in and drink with me?"

The officer looked doubtfully at him, cogitating as to the possible danger of such a movement.

The prospect of a drink at his prisoner's expense was alluring, as he, too, was thirsty from his long vigil, and their dusty walk. There besides stood the innkeeper and his assistant on the porch, curiously regarding them. The prisoner would hardly attempt an escape here, even if he had such thoughts.

"I don't think that my duty will allow me," he said in a doubtful tone.

"It won't interfere with your duty," replied Merivale, "and a glass of ale will wash the cobwebs from your throat."

Without waiting for a reply, as if taking assent for granted, Robert turned toward the hotel, and walked up the steps into the porch.

By this decided movement the captor was forced to follow, or to assume a role which he did not feel like playing at that moment.

It rather pleased him than otherwise to have the Gordian knot of the difficulty cut, and himself forced to the pleasant duty of imbibing.

The landlord and his aid at once filed behind the bar, ready to deal out the liquids called for, and looking with questioning glances at the officer and his prisoner.

The captor, however, preserved a dignified silence, paying no attention to their glances. His idea of a palatable drink appeared to differ from that of his prisoner, for he swallowed half a glass of raw whisky, instead of the ale the latter had advised.

Turning to leave the room he pressed close up to his captive as the latter was about to pass through the door, laying one hand on his shoulder in dread of an attempt to escape.

Robert drew a step back as if with the idea that this was the wish of his captor. This brought them side by side, a step apart.

In an instant, wheeling half round on his left foot, he struck the officer a fierce blow with his clenched fist. This was dealt with all the skill and muscular force of the professional pugilist, and felled the officer to the floor as if he had been struck with a cannon shot.

He had hardly touched the floor ere his agile assailant was over him, and with a rapid movement of the foot the pistol was hurled from the fallen man's hand, crashing through the glass of a window behind the bar.

Quick as a flash, before a movement could be made to prevent him, he darted through the open door and into the road outside.

He had carefully noted the surroundings before entering. Below where he stood the road descended, at a light grade, for about one hundred feet, to where a small run crossed it, passing into a line of timber that lay to the right.

This timber was continuous with an extensive piece of woodland which spread out a quarter of a mile distant, and expanded into the wood that covered the ridge and sloping sides of the glen whence they had come.

Without an instant's pause he darted at full speed down the road, and by the time the landlord and his assistant had extricated themselves from behind the bar, and reached the road, he was just entering the timber on the line of the run.

The officer was not stunned by his fall. He scrambled hastily to his feet, and began to look distractedly around for his weapon. This was returned to him by the assistant, who had picked it up in an entry behind the bar.

In a few words he explained to them the nature of his capture, losing his dignified bearing under these changed circumstances.

The whole household was by this time aroused. The murderer of Mr. Ogden had been in their house and had escaped! Intense excitement prevailed. The bartender, a lithe young man, volunteered to accompany the officer in pursuit of his prisoner. The latter had now gained nearly five minutes start, and was within the shelter of the woods by the time his pursuers had left the house in chase.

The latter were both rapid runners, and in a very brief space were within the wood, coursing down toward the ridge of the glen. The fugitive was out of sight and hearing, and they had to direct their course by guess work. The officer kept closely by his companion, having had a taste of the quality of his escaped prisoner that made him rather dread to meet him alone.

Their pursuit was thus confined to a single line, and was utterly ineffectual, although they searched the woods in all directions for two or three hours.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SYLVAN RETREAT.

The news of this event spread rapidly over the surrounding country. Every thirsty laborer who stopped at the inn to assuage his thirst, heard of it and bore it outward. Every passing traveller, either afoot or in a vehicle, heard the story from the landlord—who never tired from the constant repetition—and bore it onward. A deep excitement spread throughout the farms and villages around.

These were Mr. Ogden's friends and neighbors, and a feeling of the deepest indignation had spread throughout the whole district on the occasion of the murder. This had been but little allayed by time, the escape of the prisoner from the custody of the court having renewed the strong feeling aroused, and created a new indignation at the inefficiency of the police authorities.

By the time the news had generally spread through the locality night had fallen, and it had become too late to attempt the search which all felt that it was important to make. The fugitive would probably attempt to leave the woods during the night and make his way toward the city. By watching the fields and roads leading from the wood throughout the night, he might be captured.

A hasty agreement was made by several of the prominent neighbors, who met at the inn just after nightfall, to establish this guard, and either to prevent his leaving the wood, or capture him in any attempt to do so.

He would not hardly make the attempt until later in the night, and they had sufficient time to establish the necessary guards.

All that night by roadside and barn, hidden behind hedges, covered by the trunks of trees, or peering from the shelter of corn shocks, men lay on the alert, armed variously with rifles, pistols, pitchforks, and every other available weapon, looking keenly forth for the approach of a strange sailor, whom they were bound to capture or kill in the attempt.

So complete was the cordon surrounding the extensive piece of woodland that it seemed as if a mouse could not have passed without discovery. Several belated wayfarers were brought to the halt, and made to prove their identity before being allowed to proceed. Some of these indeed caught the infection and joined the band of watchers.

Yet morning dawned and the fugitive was yet at large, not the slightest trace had been seen of him.

The alarm had by this time spread much farther, and all the roads leading to the city were watched by men variously moved by indignation against the murderer and hope of winning the reward.

A description of the capture and escape had been forwarded to the city and was published in the morning papers, putting the whole city on the *qui vive* for a man in a worn sailor dress, with heavy black beard and deeply embrowned face.

A number of individuals who answered this description were questioned by enthusiastic persons during the day, and several of them subjected to an aldermanic hearing, all being released, however, deeply indignant at their false detention.

Meanwhile the parties who had so closely watched through the night were subjecting the wood to as close a search through the day.

This woodland was composed mainly of oak and poplar timber, though it had besides a share of maple, beach, ash, hickory and the other multifarious trees that find place in American forests. In some portions of it were close thickets, and down the slopes of the hill leading into the glen ran several small brooks, bordered on each side by a dense growth of alder and climbing briers.

A close cordon was formed round the wood at an early hour in the day. Its circumference was about two miles, and a considerable number of men were needed to complete this circle. These advanced cautiously into the wood, looking behind every tree, examining with the closest attention every thicket, even cutting broad pathways through the densest of these, in order that no possible hiding-place might be left unsearched. The thickets bordering the streams mentioned were examined with the same keen attention, the eyes of some ranged through the tree tops, others suffered scarcely a bit of high grass to pass unprobed.

As they sunk deeper into the wood the long line contracted till the searchers came almost within reach of each other. Never was a wood so closely beaten up. The haunts of the rabbit were laid bare. Every few steps some disturbed puss would spring from her form, followed by the yelping dogs. The men had nobler game than rabbits in view.

Squirrels looked inquiringly down from the tree tops, and scampered off to their holes. The whirring quail frequently rose, and darted, with quivering flight, before the hunters. Even the serpents were disturbed by the close search, and ran with graceful undulations through the rustling leaves that carpeted the ground, hastening to hide from such unwonted disturbance of their peace.

But only the brute creation was the worse for this close search, no trace of the fugitive was anywhere seen. After some two hours spent in this gradual and observant advance, the line of searchers emerged into the glen, at the bottom of the hillsides, a disappointed multitude. The fugitive had given them the slip.

There were numbers ready to declare the impossibility of his being in the wood. Others, however, were not so sure of this. He was nowhere on the track they had followed, that was certain, but of course it was not to be supposed that every one had been as careful as they had.

In consequence of this human feeling of their own skill and everybody else's lack of ability, a number of the party returned again into the wood, the search being continued at intervals and in all directions throughout the day. Others of the party tracked the river shore, and the open country back toward the water-shed between the Delaware and the Schuylkill. But all in vain. No trace of the fugitive was seen. He had in some strange manner escaped.

Night fell again, and the people retired disappointed to their beds, utterly worn out by their vigil of the previous night and their arduous labors through the day, and satisfied that further search would be useless, that the fugitive had in some manner escaped, and was probably in hiding in the city.

They slept so sound in fact that the inmates of the Bull's Head Inn failed to hear the movements of an intruder on their premises that night; and it was late the next day when one of the servants discovered that the door of the pantry was unlocked, and that a considerable quantity of provisions had disappeared.

Inquiry was at once made concerning this loss, and it was discovered from the hostler that he had found the back door of the house unlocked that morning and standing slightly ajar. The servants were disposed to attribute this to the murderer, who, they were sure, must have broken into the house during the night and stolen the provisions.

Their very earnestness in this belief, however, caused the landlord to adopt a different opinion. They had all been too anxious to get to bed, he said, to see to the proper fastening of the house. As for the murderer, he was nowhere about. Somebody better acquainted with the pantry than this scapegoat had been in it. He, in fact, threw cold water on the whole affair, and set the inmates to regarding each other as possibly suspicious characters.

And yet Robert Merivale had been the housebreaker, and had been concealed in the wood through all their keen investigations.

He had displayed his natural shrewdness in his manner of concealing himself. He knew well how rapidly the news of his escape and a description of his disguise would travel, and that any attempt to traverse the open country would be fraught with danger. The great probability of the wood being searched also presented itself to his mind. But these were farmers and laborers who would make the search. He feared none of the keen investigation of the Indian or the backwoodsman, and well knew that glaring signs of his presence would be passed by unseen, while special attention would be given to trifles.

He was not long then in deciding on a course of action. After escaping from the pursuit of the officer and bar-keeper, in which he did not take the trouble to run deeply into the woods, but simply concealed himself in the thicket by the side of the brook and let them run by him, he began to consider what course it would be necessary to pursue to escape the close investigation which he feared would be instituted. His experience in this first escape gave him a useful idea. The pursuers had run eagerly past his place of concealment, in order to search with far more care the deeper recesses of the wood. It was probable that others would be governed by the same principles, and would advance with a degree of heedlessness until they penetrated some small distance into the wood, when they would begin to search more closely.

Besides, searching parties, however operating, would probably be spread more widely on the borders than in the interior. A third idea that struck him was that the thickets and similar hiding-places would be closely examined, to the partial neglect of less probable places of concealment.

He had no fear of further pursuit that evening, as it was already near sunset. He accordingly made a round of the borders of the wood in search of some desirable lurking-place. His idea had been to mount one of the bordering trees, some of which, despite the autumnal season, were yet thickly clad in green leaves, and might yield places of close concealment near their summits.

Yet this idea had serious points of objection. It would not be easy to find a spot in which he could feel assured of being safe from prying eyes, while the difficulty of spending perhaps a great portion of the day in such a position presented itself to him in a strong light.

Some other resource must be sought before this dangerous one could be seriously considered.

While walking heedfully on, full of these thoughts, and noting closely every point of his surroundings, his eye fell on a tree that at once attracted his attention.

It was a huge oak, of some ten or twelve feet girth, that stood alone in the field, removed twenty or thirty feet from the edge of the wood, though its long, horizontal boughs reached this edge.

What he had observed was a small hole in the trunk of this tree, with an appearance of rotten wood surrounding it. Approaching the oak, he carefully examined this opening, and found, by probing, that it extended deeply into the trunk, which seemed to be quite hollow, a large mass of rotten wood being collected at the bottom, as high up as the cavity he was examining.

He looked up at the tree. It was not to be scaled without great difficulty. The first branch was about twenty feet from the earth. But this branch ran toward the wood and was interlocked with the limbs of a slender poplar that grew there.

Robert was very agile. He found no difficulty in scaling this poplar, first providing himself with a stout stick some four feet long.

His next course was to crawl along the limb of the poplar which crossed that of the oak, and to follow this vigorous branch to the trunk of the tree.

Arrived here he was gladdened by the discovery he had hoped to make. The cavity extended to this point, and was represented here by a small hole, about six inches across, in the midst of the great branches, some of which extended horizontally, others reached more uprightly, each of the dimensions of an ordinary tree.

Around this small hole the wood appeared rotten, and some vigorous punches with his club soon sent a considerable portion of the decayed wood rattling down the trunk, enlarging the hole until it was more than large enough for the entrance of his body.

The fallen wood had nearly filled up the hole at the bottom, but enough light entered to render visible the interior of the tree. The cavity near the top was some three feet across, with hard wood, after he had scraped off a thin coating of decay.

Reaching down as far as he could in this he managed to fix his club, by jamming it between the hard wood of the two sides. It was just a little too long for the cavity, and by fixing one end in a small depression and forcing the other down the opposite side, it became fixed as firmly as though it was a component part of the tree.

He got in and stood on it with both feet. His weight but jammed it the more tightly, so that it readily bore him. When seated on it he was entirely hidden from without, while his body kept the light from passing into the cavity, and he was able to lift his head so as to see what was passing without.

Highly satisfied with his evening's work, and secure of escape from any search likely to be instituted, he was not yet altogether pleased with the character of his seat.

He descended the tree and selected two other stout clubs, cutting them to the length to suit his purpose. Climbing again to his perch he inserted these likewise within the trunk, cutting depressions in the hard wood to receive their ends, and having a great advantage in this last labor by being able to stand on the stick already inserted.

These three sticks, placed parallel to each other across the breadth of the cavity and about three inches apart, formed a not uncomfortable seat, with the wall of the cavity to lean upon, and an outlook into the world from its summit.

Having thus arranged his hiding-place, he again descended the tree. The night was not cold. There had been frosty weather, but it was now succeeded by a mild, clear spell.

A neighboring field, in which the cut corn stood shocked, afforded a not very inviting refuge for the night. Forcing his way into one of the shocks so as to be almost entirely covered, he slept soundly, despite the uncomfortable nature of his couch.

Waking before daybreak, he arranged the stalks of the corn so as to hide the marks of disturbance, and after an ablution at the brook and a copious draught of cold water, he repaired to his hiding-place, ready to endure hunger and thirst for the remainder of the day, if he could only preserve his liberty.

The wisdom of his course was soon apparent to him. From his place of vantage he beheld the gathering of the people, a knot of whom stopped and loudly discussed their plans under the very tree in which he was hidden.

He listened with some degree of amusement to the various measures discussed, heard the loud vauntings of some as to what they would do when they found him, the assurances of others that he could not escape them learned that the whole country and city had been aroused, and that it was impossible for him to continue long at large, even in the improbable event of his having left the wood, and so avoided them.

Laughing to himself in glee at his own shrewdness and present safety, and rendered confident by success, he was only sorry that he had not another disguise, that he might join them in their search, and enjoy their discomfiture.

This was out of the question, and he could only rest easy and let them seek him to their hearts' content. As he had expected, in a few minutes more they advanced into the wood, with very little heed to its outer portions, being fairly under its cover before really beginning their investigation.

Confident as he felt, however, he was too well aware of the dangers of overweening confidence to expose himself in the slightest degree. He had no intention of escaping the main body, to be captured by stragglers.

It was a dreadfully weary day he passed thus, hungry, thirsty, tired of his enforced position, with no alleviation except occasionally hearing a trampling on the dead leaves, or seeing the forms of some of his discomfited enemies, emerging from the wood.

As night approached and the sounds of pursuit died out, he ventured to leave the cavity, and stretched himself at length on the broad bough, curiously inspected by a squirrel, that sat above his head, wondering what strange creature this could be.

He did not venture to descend, however, until after sunset. Seeking his out-door couch of the previous night, he slept soundly till after midnight. About one o'clock he rose and approached the inn, which lay at no great distance.

The landlord was right, the back door had been left open. He had but to enter. Cautiously proceeding through the lower story of the house, opening door after door with the utmost care, he at length reached the locked door of the closet which served as pantry.

The lock was a simple one and caught into a weak catch, and he forced it back with the strong blade of his knife with a sound that he feared would waken half the house. But they were too tired to be easily disturbed, and slept on.

Lighting a match, of which he had procured some in another room, he was overjoyed to find himself surrounded with provisions. He hastened to possess himself of an abundant supply for the next two days' needs, and left the house as cautiously as he had entered it. He left the back door a crack open, for fear the noise of closing it might cause an alarm at the last moment.

No one ever enjoyed a meal more fully than did our fugitive, after his long and wearisome fast, and he was quite ready the next day to pass it as he had passed the last, with the advantage that he had his bundle of provisions and a canteen of water with him.

On this, Thursday night, he descended the glen, in hopes of seeing Marie. He failed to see her, however, and, as before, spent Friday in his perch in the oak.

Friday night at length came, the night for which he had been waiting, and in which Marie had engaged to leave him a new disguise, at the stone by which they had had their meetings.

She was as good as her word. Trembling in every limb, but resolute of purpose, she stole from the house on the night mentioned with the precious parcel, which she had duly procured. Leaving by the back door and stealing through the garden she reached the glen without being observed.

With mingled timidity and determination, she followed the course of the stream. The night was very dark; she had never been out after night in this locality before, and there might be the most fearful dangers threatening.

But there was her lover's danger, more dreadful to her than aught that could happen to herself, and she went tremblingly but swiftly on, and in a very few minutes had reached the place indicated.

She dropped her bundle and could hardly suppress a scream, when a dark figure emerged from behind a tree and stepped toward her.

But her lover's voice reassured her, and in a moment she was clasped in his arms, and felt his warm kisses on her lips, his face free from the disfiguring beard, which in fact lay at the bottom of the oak.

He insisted on accompanying her home, concealing the parcel until his return. He could hardly obtain her consent to this. She knew of his arrest and escape, and had approached the spot with a deep dread that he could not have avoided the close search being made for him, but must be by this time in the custody of the officers.

Her heart was filled with joy then at seeing him still safe and able to avail himself of the disguise which she had brought him. Particularly when he had told her of his means of escape did her confidence in him grow to an abnormal pitch, and she began to view him as truly a hero, though her woman's heart bled at the thought of what he had endured and must still endure.

She no longer objected to his accompanying her, beginning to believe that he was arrest-proof, and might safely defy the police.

"And have you yet learned from Louis the name of that carpenter?" he asked.

"Yes. His name is William Brady. He resides at Smithville, about four miles up the river, where he may be easily found."

"Thank you, dear Marie. I will not fail to see this Mr. Brady soon. There is another thing I wish you to do for me. Who has my breastpin?"

"Mrs. Montague, if I am not mistaken."

"You must procure it for me, if she has it, on some plea or other. Tell her it is only wanted for a few days, for a most important purpose. Pledge your faith for its return. I will meet you here at eight o'clock on Monday night to obtain it."

"You shall have it, Robert, if it is possible."

With an embrace and a kiss they parted, she to return home, he to again seek the wood and his new disguise.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. [illegible])

THE WHITE LADY;

OR,

The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER XIII.

WAS IT A VISION?

Captain Vane drew up his chair, and managed to make a tolerable meal, under the influence of his companion's cheerful example. And then, refreshed and strengthened, he began his tale.

Major Chester listened all through with absorbed attention, and was still silent long after the other had concluded.

"Well," said Captain Vane, at last, "what do you think of it?"

"It is a mysterious affair," answered Major Chester, gravely; "but I am of opinion that Wild Will is innocent enough."

"I have actual proof of his guilt in my possession."

"You mean the coat?"

"Ah."

"But it is possible for him to have had a brown coat with one button torn off, and still be no murderer—although the coincidence is a strange one, too. If you had the piece still, and could compare them, it would be different; but you say you have lost that."

"It was stolen out of my room whilst Wild Will was staying in the house."

"That is another suspicious circumstance, I admit; but tell me, Vane, what kind of a man is Mr. de Lacy?"

"There are two Mr. de Lacys—which do you mean?"

"The one you have been staying with lately."

"He is a thoroughly good man, and tender-hearted to the last degree. He cannot bear to see suffering of any kind, and has the most extraordinary power of attaching animals, and even birds, to him that I ever saw. I don't believe there is any one in the world more incapable of a deed of violence than the old Squire."

"Unless it be Wild Will as you describe him to me?" said Major Chester, decidedly.

"The two men cannot be named in the same breath."

"Only that one may seem worse than he is, and the other better."

"There is no hypocrisy about the old Squire. He speaks frankly of his own faults—"

"In order that you may contradict him, perhaps."

"Come, Chester, you are unjust—you really are. How comes it you have taken prejudice against Mr. de Lacy?"

"I am not aware that I have. I am only mentioning possibilities that struck me whilst you were stating your case. They would occur, I fancy, to any impartial listener."

"But even supposing one could suspect Mr. de Lacy, it would be necessary to find a motive for the crime. He is a man of respectable position, and ample fortune; none of those inducements or temptations that would have assailed Wild Will could have influenced him."

"It appears not; but who knows our real hearts? Men of hitherto immaculate lives have occasionally succumbed to a sudden strong temptation, and why not Mr. de Lacy?"

"But where could the temptation have been?" inquired Captain Vane, rather impatiently.

"I don't know. I am simply illustrating a theory of my own."

"And, meanwhile, we may be losing sight of some argument that might help us."

"I tell you what!" exclaimed Major Chester, after brief reflection. "Supposing I go back with you to Brierton. Two heads are better than one."

"But what can we do there? Wild Will is gone."

"Never mind about Wild Will for the present. There is no fear of his escaping eventually, even if he be guilty. He is much too reckless to persevere in his precautions when he becomes somewhat reassured. Besides, he will not be able to abstain from claiming the legacy directly, and then you will be able to get hold of him, if you like. Meanwhile, I should like to act upon my own theory, if you have no objection."

"It is sheer folly, Chester; upon my honor, it is! You will only waste valuable time."

"Not at all. You might as well search for a needle in a haystack, as search for Wild Will, having no clue; and there can be no harm in attempting something in the amateur detective line whilst we are waiting. We may find the experience we gain thereby of use to us afterward."

"Then what am I to do about the White Lady?"

"Why, my dear, good fellow, you are not surely so superstitious as to believe that you have seen a ghost?"

"No; that's just it. I don't believe I have seen a ghost; but whatever it was, it had the figure and features of Winifred de Lacy."

Major Chester looked at him compassionately. He began to think that trouble had turned his brain.

"My dear Vane, it was simply a delusion. Your thoughts are so full of her, it is but natural your imagination should run away with you sometimes."

"I was not thinking of Winifred at that moment, and, moreover, I was perfectly calm and unbiassed. Of course, I did not believe the child's story, but I was prepared to investigate the matter coolly; and great as the shock of such a recognition was to me, I carried out my purpose. I am convinced that there is some deception, but even this does not account for the extraordinary resemblance to Winifred."

"Which, I'll wager, would never have struck you if you had seen the White Lady in broad daylight."

"It was not very dark when I first observed her."

"No, it was worse; it was dusk, when a very ordinary face becomes spiritualized. I have noticed this effect myself often."

"Very well," answered Captain Vane; "have it so, if you will. I only wish you could convince me as easily as you convince yourself. Can you be ready to return to England to-morrow?"

"That was my intention before I met you. Shall we see if we can get a bed here for to-night, and move on early in the morning? There is probably an omnibus that goes to Paris in good time, so as to enable you to take up your luggage before our train starts."

"No doubt," replied Captain Vane; who, if reason and common sense had not both combated the intention, would have decided to stay where he was, on the chance of obtaining one more glimpse of the White Lady.

They sent for the woman of the house at once, and she proclaimed herself able to accommodate the gentlemen if they would not object to a double-bedded room on the ground floor, that being the only one she had unoccupied at the moment.

They expressed themselves willing to put up with this, and after some further conversation, retired. Major Chester, who had tramped a good many miles in the course of the day, had no sooner let his head touch the pillows, than he was fast asleep.

Captain Vane was equally tired, but more nervous naturally; and the strange room, the deep, intense silence, only broken by the piercing cry of some night bird, as it flew out of the ruins to search for prey, had an indescribable effect upon him, and filled him with an odd feeling of excitement and expectancy. The window of their room looked out upon the old chateau, which was graven in shadow against a moonlit background.

A honeysuckle tree grew against the wall, and every now and then a branch, swayed by the mild summer wind, tapped against the pane, and made Captain Vane start, in spite of himself.

A clock somewhere had just tinkled two musically enough, and he was beginning to murmur within himself that his haunting thoughts banished sleep, when, his eyes being still fixed on the window, he saw there, pressed close against the glass, the pale, pathetic face of Winifred de Lacy, just as it might have looked as it lay under the tides, with the water kissing her chill, sweet lips and quiet lids.

He dashed out of bed in a moment, and flung open the window; but he only let in a soft breath of perfume from the honeysuckle tree, and not even a shadow besides.

Neither was there a sign of anything natural or supernatural, although he glanced eagerly in every direction before he drew in his head.

"Is it possible that I am growing mad?" he murmured in his anguish. "Twice in one day I have seen this vision; and yet it is only a vision, for my darling is dead."

"Dead!" the sighing wind echoed outside; and a lone bird, that had lost its mate that day, repeated, forlornly, as it seemed to him farther and farther away, "Dead! dead! dead!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A SORROWFUL BRIDE.

It is so natural to hope when you are young.

Delia, as she came in to her mother's room, refreshed by her walk, looked blooming, and almost happy.

Mrs. Coveney would get well, and there would no longer be any reason why her miserable engagement should continue. This was her dream; but it was roughly dispelled by her mother's first words.

"Stephen has just left me, dear."

"Has he, mother?" she could just manage to articulate, and her heart sank within her.

"He brought me those grapes; and it is a long while since I have fancied anything so much. Do you know that every time I see him I like him better?"

Delia appeared to be entirely occupied with the strings of her hood, which had got into a tiresome knot, and did not answer.

"He had an appointment, and could not stay until you returned," Mrs. Coveney went on, perfectly unconscious of the pain her words were giving; "but he will be here to-morrow, of course."

Mrs. Coveney seemed to expect an answer this time; and, not being equal to anything original, poor Delia merely repeated her "Of course."

"She knows her own power, and evidently enjoys it," thought the dying woman, who fancied that the impatient movement of Delia's shoulders was the saucy confidence of a young beauty who realizes with pleasure the effect of her charms.

But she did not broach Stephen's proposition that night, lest Delia should divine from whence she obtained her inspiration.

In the morning, however, she could no longer refrain. Catching the little hand that had been tending her so gently, Mrs. Coveney laid it against her hot cheeks tenderly.

"My darling," she said, "I want you to do something for me."

"Yes, mother."

"I want you to marry Stephen Young at once."

Delia looked wildly about, like a caged animal seeking some means of escape.

"Oh, mother!" she gasped out at last; "I cannot leave you."

"No, dear; you should not leave me all the while I am alive; but when I am dead I want you to have a right to the shelter you will so sorely need."

A great sob shook Delia's whole frame, and Mrs. Coveney, who was strangely blind, thought that she was so moved because of the reference to her own end. Drawing her closer still, she laid her head down on Delia's shoulder, ever so fondly.

"My child, you must not grieve in this way. I can't bear it, indeed. The least excitement now shakes me to pieces."

"If I might only die with you!" cried the girl, despairingly. "That is all I ask."

"Nay, love; you will live to be a happy wife and mother, I am thankful to say. I know you will mourn me long, for we have been so much to each other; but consolation will come to you unawares—come to you through your husband's love, or the smiles of a little one who shall call you mother in your turn. Will you believe this?"

Delia bowed her head, mute, but despairing.

"But let me wait until you are gone," she said, at last; "this is not the right time for a wedding."

"But won't it be pleasant to have my congratulations, Delia? I should bless you always—in my grave—but my tongue would be silent. Your would hear nothing but the willows whispering together overhead, and they would tell you nothing, love."

Delia lifted her pale young face, out of which all joy, all hope, had departed suddenly, and said, with a martyr's resignation:

"Whatever you wish, mother, I will do. But if you can spare me this trial, I shall be very thankful."

"The effort will be at the moment, and you will be glad afterward, when, instead of having to bear your grief alone, you will find a pair of loving arms outstretched to receive you, and a sympathizing breast on which to weep. If you hated Stephen, I would not urge it; but as it is, it is my great wish and prayer."

Delia could have shrieked out with agonized vehemence, "I hate him! I hate him! I hate him!" but she restrained herself. Loving her mother so dearly, could she take from her the last, the only comfort she could have in this world?

Better sacrifice herself a thousand times over. And if, later, the burden she had taken on herself became intolerable, perhaps she should be allowed to die. She had no thought, at this moment, of the means of escape that occurred to her later.

It seemed to her then, that to leave him behind, she must pass through the grim portals to the unknown land, for there was no hope here.

But this made her sacrifice more sublime.

"You shall have your wish, mother," she answered, presently, and her voice sounded harsh and discordant, from the great strain she put on herself. "I will marry Stephen when you like, but only on condition that he leaves me here with you until the very last."

"I will answer for that, Delia. I am quite sure that nothing would induce him to part us as long as the breath remained in my body."

"Oh, mother, don't talk like that!"

"I beg your pardon, dear, but I am getting so accustomed to my own death, and all its gloomy details, that I forget it is all terribly new and painful to you. I think the wedding may as well take place the day after to-morrow."

"So soon?" Delia could not help saying; for she had hoped for a little longer respite than this.

"There is no time to be lost," was the grave reply. "I cannot hope to last very much longer—"

"Again, mother!" was the reproachful cry.

"If you cannot bear the thought, how will you bear the fact, my child?"

Delia fell on her knees by the bedside, and burst into a passion of sobs.

"Oh, don't leave me—don't leave me, mother!" she cried, helplessly—hopelessly.

"You are not the only one who has had such a sorrow as this to bear, remember," said Mrs. Coveney, gravely, but compassionately; "and—and you make me so much worse when you give way."

And, indeed, Mrs. Coveney looked so completely exhausted and overcome, that Delia put herself, her own feelings, aside at once, to administer to her.

When Stephen Young came that evening, he knew, even before a word had been spoken, that he had gained his evil victory.

Delia fled at his approach like a startled fawn, and went and shut herself in her own room, from which she did not emerge until, just as he was leaving, her mother called her.

"Delia, my love, come and bid Stephen good-bye."

Her face was very pale, her eyes red with weeping; but, somehow, Stephen enjoyed the thought of her struggle, as enhancing the pleasure of conquest.

"Won't you open the door for me?" he said, bending down so low that his breath fanned her cheek.

"I cannot leave my mother," she answered, coldly and decidedly.

"Nay, love," observed Mrs. Coveney, from the bed; "I can spare you those few minutes."

"I would rather stay with you," she replied.

"But I daresay Stephen has something to say to you."

"Then he can say it here, mother."

"And if Stephen wants to bid you good-bye, what then?" asked the young man; and he smiled, but it was not a pleasant smile.

"The same answer will do again," Delia falteringly returned.

"Thank you!" he said, with a great pretence of gratitude; and, bending over her, pressed a long, passionate kiss on her unwilling lips.

Delia reddened and shivered beneath it as if she had been hurt, but bore it bravely, too; for her mother's eyes were upon her, and therefore she could not make her sacrifice too complete.

When Stephen was gone, Mrs. Coveney fell into a peaceful sleep; and Delia, seeing the placid smile that lingered on her lips, and knowing what had brought it there, believed that she had done well.

Stephen did not appear the next day. He had gone up to town to get the license, which Mrs. Coveney was very eager to explain.

Delia received the information silently. Nothing could alter her fate now. The last link was being forged that should bind her with chains of iron to a destiny far crueller than death.

Delia's wedding-day dawned upon her sleepless eyes drearily. It was raining fast—a soft summer rain—and the mist crept up from the valley, and shut out her view of the waving trees and golden corn-fields. Delia shuddered convulsively, and then smoothed her hair and dress, and went to prepare her mother's breakfast. She was standing over the fire, coaxing it into a blaze, when there came a tap at the door, and a shaggy-headed young urchin put a box into her hand, grinned and decamped, no doubt according to orders.

Delia was much too miserable to be curious, and was just going to put the box down on a chair and continue her occupation at the fire, when Mrs. Coveney, whom she had fancied asleep, called out, "what have you got there, dear?"

"I'll see, mother."

"Bring it here, Delia."

Delia reluctantly obeyed, for she began to guess its contents now, and to understand that if Mrs. Coveney shared her confidence, there would be no hope of evading the fulfilment of Stephen's wishes.

But there was no help for it now, as she unscrewed the box, and allowed Mrs. Coveney to see the paper on the top on which was written in large letters, "For my bride!" and then nothing would satisfy her mother but she must be shown the pretty gray silk dress, the little white bonnet trimmed with myrtle and orange flowers, and the elegant cape.

It is probable that Stephen had not selected these things himself, but Mrs. Coveney gave him the credit for the good taste undoubtedly displayed.

"So that my darling will look like a bride, after all!" she murmured, delightfully. "How very thoughtful of Stephen, to be sure! He knew that you could not have time to choose anything for yourself, and yet he naturally wished you to be as charming as possible. And certainly he has gone the right way to work—all the things are as nice as possible."

"I would so much rather go as I am, mother," Delia ventured to plead.

"Nonsense, my love! How could you? It would be terribly ungrateful, for one thing; and besides, the dress you have on is all crushed and tumbled, and shabby as well. Eat your breakfast, and then dress at once, that I may have time to admire you before Stephen comes and wants all the admiration to himself."

Delia said no more then. She made a pretence of eating to deceive her mother, and then carried her finery away, and began impatiently to adorn herself as a lamb for the slaughter.

How she hated her own beauty! It was this that had ruined her life. If she had been plain, Stephen would never have sought her—for Delia's instinct told her that his mad passion was caused by her charms, and when these faded she should be poor indeed. But as she settled the bonnet on her golden head, she could not help stealing one look at herself in the glass. The fire had scorched her cheeks, and given them a bright round speck of color; her eyes were heavy and languid, but had a pale amethyst gleam from under the white lids. Her bow-like mouth was lovely still, although it had settled into such a grave fold; and the gray dress fitted admirably to her slender, graceful figure.

Mrs. Coveney called out exultantly, directly she appeared, "Why, you look like a duchess, Delia! I ought not to be thinking so much of the world and its doings, I dare say; but I am sure I shall be pardoned this little vanity, for it will be my last."

Delia bent over her, and whispered hoarsely, "If you want me to get through my task, mother, don't talk of such cruel things. Now that your mind is quite at ease about me, you will be better, dear—won't you?"

Mrs. Coveney smiled up into the shadowed eyes.

"But I am going to be quite well, soon."

Delia pretended to misunderstand her; but Mrs. Coveney would never know, until she had that fuller sense of sight, which is only given to the angels in Heaven, how it was that when a carriage was heard to stop at the door, Delia clung to her desperately, despairingly, as if to loosen her hold were to perish!

"Oh, mother, must I?—must I?" she murmured.

"Don't be nervous, love," answered her mother, with strange blindness; "it won't be half so trying as you think; and I will try and look so well to welcome you when you come back."

Stephen sprang in at this moment, eager and radiant, a wicked passion of triumph in his eyes; and poor Delia, her last vague hope gone, stooped and kissed Mrs. Coveney once more, with lips as cold as death; and then, pretending not to see Stephen's outstretched hand, walked past him to the door, and entered the carriage without his help.

Stephen had brought a cousin of his with him, a vain, pretentious young person, who had once had hopes of him herself, and was, therefore, prepared to disparage his bride.

But Delia's sad face roused all the womanliness within her, and she forgot even to envy the other her beauty, seeing that it had brought her so much sorrow and pain.

Delia stood as one in a miserable dream all through the ceremony. The old rector, who had known her from childhood, saw that something was wrong; but how could he interfere?

Delia repeated the words required of her, and let Stephen place the ring on her cold finger; and no one could stay the sacrifice, so long as she held firm.

An uncle of Stephen's met them at the church, and gave away the bride; and it was evidently a preconcerted arrangement that the cousin should return home with him at the conclusion of the ceremony; for Delia found herself alone in the carriage with her husband, and shuddered away into the opposite corner, with wild eyes mutely appealing for mercy.

"I must say you are a very dutiful wife," cried Stephen, angrily; "but now I've got you, I'll bring you to your bearings pretty quickly, you may depend upon that. I've found out a little secret of yours, my lady; and if you don't take care, some one else shall know, too, what makes my wife turn from me so haughtily."

"What secret?" gasped Delia, coloring hotly all over her fair, sensitive face.

"I'm not high enough for your ambition," continued Stephen, with some pain, as well as anger, in his voice. "I suppose you thought that Miss de Lacy died on purpose to make way for you?"

"How dare you say such things?" cried Delia, with spirit. "You know I never had such a hope, and should as soon have dreamt of winning his love as I should have dreamt of being a queen."

"What did he give you that evening you met him down in the meadow?" asked her husband, almost mad with jealousy.

"He gave me a locket," faltered Delia, "because I had nursed him when he was ill."

"Where is that locket?"

"I have it at home."

"You will give it to me?"

"No," she answered, decidedly; "it was a present to me before I had any thought of being your wife, and, therefore, I did you no wrong in accepting it. Captain Vane has never spoken a single word to me in his life he might not speak now before you; and though I will promise never to wear the locket, I cannot part with it. I only wonder," she added, resentfully, "that when you condescended to play the spy upon us, you did not also discover that our meeting was accidental, and not at all what you suspected."

"I don't mind; you belong to me now, and I will not allow you to keep anything given you by a man you like better than me."

Delia looked at him with eyes full of scorn and reproach.

"Is this the way to make me love you?" she said; "and after all the promises you made my mother, too! I knew how soon they would be broken, if she did not!"

"Have a care how you treat me!" he cried, passionately. "I love you with all my heart, and you shrink from me as if I were some loathsome reptile."

"Why did you marry me, then?" she asked, sorrowfully. "I told you I had no love to give you in return."

"Because of Captain Vane?" And his voice was fierce again.

"Because of my feeling. No one can love to order, as you once told me yourself."

"But I am not so very ugly," he said, softening. "Look at me, Delia."

"You are not ugly at all," she answered, simply.

"Then how is it you can't manage to like me?

"If you had been patient and waited, I might, perhaps, have come to like you at last. As it—"

"As it is," he repeated, eagerly, after her.

Delia buried her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"At any rate, you are mine now," he said; "and the sooner you make up your mind to your duty, the better it will be for you. I've had enough of frowns during my courtship; but now you're under my command, I'll have nothing but smiles to make up."

"Oh, Stephen!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands imploringly; "you won't take me away from my mother whilst she lives?"

"That depends upon how you behave."

"But you promised!" she almost shrieked, in her agony.

"Nobody believes in lovers' promises, I fancy. However, if you receive me with a kiss and a kind word when I come, I won't move you just yet. But no more frowns or tears. You understand. We'll talk about the locket later."

She felt the terrible power she had given him, and succumbed meekly. He might tear her from her mother's side if he so willed, and no one could gainsay his right; therefore it behooved her to conciliate this terrible master.

So she called up a smile on her tortured lips, and suffered his caresses meekly; but with such inward repugnance as no words can describe.

When her husband lifted her out of the carriage at her mother's door, her resolution was taken. She would have forgiven the errors he had committed for love of her, but she could not forgive his hypocrisy to her mother, his cruel taunt about Captain Vane.

She must needs propitiate him just now; for it was her turn to play the hypocrite—poor Delia!

When he went away presently, not finding the atmosphere of the sick-chamber very congenial, now there was nothing to be gained by deceiving Mrs. Coveney, Delia put up her cold lips to meet his kiss; and he never once guessed that her scorn was safer, and her smile the mask of some steady purpose, already matured, in the secret depths of her heart.

CHAPTER XV.

ALL SAILS SET.

Wild Will left Brierton with the painful feeling that he was being hunted down like some wild beast. The old Squire had warned him of Captain Vane's suspicions, and quietly advised him to get out of the way as fast as he could.

But, with all his faults, Wild Will had a heart; and he could not leave poor Dolly behind, knowing that discovery would soon be inevitable.

Unhappily for her, she had loved him too well to hesitate; and then she was a coward, and it seemed to her easier to go away than to tell her father the truth.

And this was how it came about that he missed his sweet singing-bird out of its cage that miserable morning, that would be present with him as long as he lived.

Wild Will's recklessness, his volatility, were something to wonder over; but he meant to be kind and considerate to Dolly, and she gave him the full credit of his good intentions.

When once he found himself on French land, he evidently breathed freer.

"Those bloodhounds won't scent us now!" he cried, with a nervous little laugh. "I wish you were stronger, Dolly, and we could go and bury ourselves alive in some out-of-the-way place, where we should never be likely to hear our own tongue!"

"What would be the use of that, Will?"

"Why, it would be safer, my love; but it can't be done, of course, so it's no use talking about it."

"But, Will, I needn't stand in the way."

"Don't be foolish, Dolly. I oughtn't to have married, to drag any woman down to my level. I am such a confoundedly unlucky fellow, somehow!"

Dolly crept close to her husband, and joined both her hands on his arm.

"You can't be so very unlucky all the while you have some one to love you as I love you," she said, reproachfully.

"That's the worst part of the business," he replied. "I feel like a scoundrel when I reflect upon the way I repaid all your father's kindness and hospitality."

"It wasn't your fault," answered Dolly, simply. "You couldn't help my loving you, you know."

"But I needn't have persuaded you to marry me. No, no; it's not a bit of use trying to find excuses for my conduct, Dolly. I am quite conscious of my own delinquencies, I can assure you."

"But why were we obliged to leave England?" she asked, presently.

"Dunn!" answered Wild Will, laconically.

But, somehow, she fancied, from his sudden start and peculiar expression, that he withheld some part of the truth.

"But we shall be able to return directly you get your legacy, Will?"

"Heaven knows!" And then he added, bitterly, "Don't talk to me of that legacy, Dolly. I hate the very name of it!"

"I don't see why you should. It was not your fault poor Winifred died."

"I told you not to talk about it!" he exclaimed, almost harshly; and then she noticed that his face was very pale.

Dolly was a gentle little creature; and at this reproof—the first she could ever remember—she cried silently behind her veil, and, but for her tender loyalty, would have wished herself at home again with her doting old father.

And she was very lonely sometimes.

Wild Will liked company, but it was not such company as she could share with him.

She went out occasionally; but he always found some engagement before the walk was over, and left her to find her way home alone—not at all a pleasant arrangement, as her fair, girlish face and golden hair attracted a good deal of attention from passers-by.

Wild Will still loved the poor child; but he was careless by nature, and because she never complained, he was satisfied that all went well.

Each day she grew paler and sadder; but he led his own life, and never heeded.

At last, their money began to run short.

Dolly would have written home for some; but Wild Will had still a remnant of pride and self-respect left, that made him emphatically negative this proposition.

"Your father shan't say I stole his daughter away from him, and then had to come upon him to keep her. You can't love me very much to propose such a thing!"

After this, Dolly would have starved downright, rather than suggest such an application again.

One evening, Wild Will rushed in, white and scared, and came upon her so abruptly, that Dolly, who was nervous and ill, ran to meet him, with a cry.

"Oh, Will! what is the matter?"

"The matter is, that we must leave here directly!" he cried. "The bloodhounds are on the scent, after all!"

"How tiresome dunn are!" said Dolly, with great simplicity. "I wish they would leave us alone."

"Don't waste time in talking, Dolly; we must get away from here in an hour, at the latest."

"But, Will, dear, we have no money."

"Then we must coin some!" he answered, with a reckless laugh. "Have I anything valuable left?"

She shook her head.

"Have you?"

"You know, dear, I did not bring anything away with me."

He stood and pondered, with an unusual shadow on his face.

"If we can get just away into the country, it will do for the present; and that will have to be managed somehow. I'll see if I can borrow a little on my legacy to-morrow; and, meanwhile—"

He waited for some suggestion from her to finish his sentence; but Dolly had none to give. The hopelessness of the situation quite weighed her down.

But as her head rested on his arm, Wild Will caught the glitter of gold, and a smile broke over his countenance.

"That ring of yours will do, Dolly. It isn't worth much; but it will just stop a gap. I'll give you one a thousand times handsomer, when I get rich."

"Oh, Will, it was my mother's!"

"And do you mean to say that you would let your husband be taken, just for the sake of indulging a piece of romantic nonsense like that?"

"You know I wouldn't."

"Then give it me at once—that's a good girl."

She slipped it off her finger, reluctantly but resolutely, and put it into Wild Will's palm, with a little sigh, both for the past and the present.

He was gone in a moment—but speedily returned with a couple of Napoleons, which he showed to Dolly, triumphantly.

"I screwed all that out of the man; he only offered me one to begin with. Are you ready, dear?"

They had only one box between them, and that was soon packed. Wild Will was quite in spirits again, and talking as grandly of their prospects as if forty francs were an actual fortune.

Dolly was not so sanguine, but she took care not to discourage him. They had paid their lodgings in advance always—these being the only terms on which they had been allowed to stay; their landlady having an unalienable conviction that all the natives of *la perfide Albion* were systematic thieves.

They had simply, then, to give up the key of their apartment to the porter, and walk forth free.

Wild Will signalled a passing *fiacre*, and engaged the man for two hours.

"You will drive me into the country," he said, "in whatever direction you like. Only be sure that you stop in some village where we can get a bed. The rest I leave to you."

"These English folks are all mad!" thought the man, as he mounted his box. "I suppose the fogs of their sad country get into their brain. I shouldn't wonder if they are going to commit suicide, those two; but, anyhow, it is no affair of mine, so long as I get my fare."

And shrugging his shoulders philosophically, he touched up his horse, and let it go straight ahead toward the barrier.

They were startled by a man putting his head inside and investigating them coolly, but having merely satisfied his curiosity, as it seemed to them, they were allowed to proceed.

At the second village they came to, the coachman stopped in front of a small cabaret, and declared that his horse was unable to go any farther.

However, the landlady, who came to the door *en dishabille*, as if she had just begun her toilet for the night, declared that her house was already full, and she could not take them in; but there was a little lodging further on, where they might be glad to receive them, and she should counsel them to apply there.

A more dirty, miserable place than this last it was impossible to conceive; but poor Dolly was beyond fault-finding by this time, and crept on to the dingy bed, just as she was, trying to pray for comfort and strength.

Home was so far off already, it seemed like a dream she had once dreamt, and was always remembering. But it was no longer real.

Wild Will was the only reality now, as he sat at the window smoking his cigar, and wondering, with the obtuseness that belongs to these thoughtless people, what made Dolly so glum.

He had escaped the present peril, he had a few francs in his pocket, and that was enough for Wild Will.

Dolly felt as if she had a weight of lead on her temples the next morning, when she wanted to rise; and, after a few vain attempts, she fell back on the pillow again, saying, with a weary sigh, "It's no use, Will; I must stay where I am for awhile."

"Quite right, my love," he answered, gently, for as he looked at her white face, and remembered all that she had given up for his sake, he was really touched. "I'll go down and forage, and it will come hard if I don't bring you up a cup of piping-hot coffee presently. Keep up heart, Dolly! When we are rich, we shall laugh heartily at the recollection of all our shifts and expedients now. And we shall be rich—I feel that I was born to it; and, even if you have to wait, your destiny is always fulfilled in the end."

This was a wonderful speech for Wild Will, and quite exhausted him. He went off to refresh himself with a "little glass," as it is called; and then, to do him justice, he remembered Dolly, and brought her coffee, and also a tempting roll.

Dolly was faint from inanition, having tasted nothing since noon the previous day, and took a brighter view of things in general as soon as she had eaten and drank.

She even rose after awhile, and went for a stroll into the country, whilst her husband played *ecarté* in the little cabaret with a sub-lieutenant of infantry, who was home on furlough, having been badly wounded in Africa.

Amused with his companion and his occupation, Wild Will troubled himself no more about the future than if he had been a child.

But at the end of the second day the aspect of affairs began to change, and even he was forced into a sober contemplation of ways and means.

The price of the ring was gone all but a few francs, and actual starvation stared them in the face.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 3.)

How Greenback Paper is Made.

All the paper for the money issued by the United States Government is manufactured on a sixty-two inch Fourdrinier machine, at the Glen Mills, near West Chester, Pa. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp in the engine, and the finished stuff is conducted to the wire without passing through any screens, which might retain the silk threads. By an arrangement above the wire cloth, a shower of short pieces of fine blue silk thread is dropped in streaks upon the paper while it is being formed. The upper side, on which the blue silk is dropped, is the one used for the face of the notes, and, from the manner in which the threads are applied, must show them more distinctly than the reverse side, although they are imbedded deeply enough to remain fixed. The mill is guarded by officials night and day to prevent the abstraction of any paper.

☞ One may live as a conqueror, or a king, or a magistrate; but he must die a man. The bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality, to the intense contemplation of that deepest and most solemn of all relations, the relation between the creature and his Creator.—*Webster.*

☞ There is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires, ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.—*Lander.*

☞ Children expect the truth, and, if they find themselves deceived, it not only shakes their confidence in others, but they, being very apt scholars, will soon learn to lie and deceive too.

LEAF BY LEAF, AND TEAR BY TEAR.

BY FRED. E. WEATHERBY.

Yonder, where the garden-close
Edges of the sea-cliff nears,
In her hand she holds a rose,
Shedding leaf by leaf like tears.
White and pink, and pink and white,
Falling 'gainst the sunlight there;
Like her soft cheek's peach bloom bright,
Haloed with her sunny hair.
'Neath the rose-walk's gloom she stands,
Love's sweet pleadings shyly hears,
Shedding from her trembling hands
Leaf by leaf, like happy tears.

Yonder, where the barren sea
Laps against the gray cold shore,
White, and worn, and old, sits she,
Weeping, waiting, evermore.
Winter woods are waning fast,
Snapt are all her love dreams gay,
Brave sweet hope has sunk at last,
Dead and crushed beside the way.
One late rose within her hands,
Bends she o'er Hope's quiet bier,
Dropping, where she lonely stands,
Leaf by leaf, and tear by tear.

WHO RUNS MAY READ.

BY MARGARET AUDLEY DOUGLASS.

"Whew!" That was Mr. Harold Goodwin's exclamation as he finished reading a dainty, pink-tinted note that the morning's mail had brought.

"Well, what's up?" was the brief question his whistle provoked from the other occupant of the room, Harmon Lake, who was to all appearances deeply immersed in *Littleton*.

"What's up? Why, here's a note from Bertha, in which she invites me to spend a few days at Bluffiands, and then join a party that is going to camp out somewhere among the Adirondacks."

"Pshaw, is that all? Of course you'll go," was the careless reply.

"Not so fast, my son! If you hadn't interrupted I would have told what surprised me—what surprises me still. Listen, philosopher, she wants *you!*"

"*Me!*"

"Yes, *you.*" There was surprise in both voices; in the last mock—in the other genuine surprise that it was difficult to account for when one looked at the owner of the voice; not that he was in any way a remarkable person, being only a tall, broad-shouldered man of about thirty-three or four, whose face was one of those provoking neutralities which no adjective can describe—neither handsome, nor ugly; not even good-looking, yet certainly not homely, for if his features were large, and somewhat harsh, his eyes were dark, and very brilliant; his smile very pleasant, and his hair dark, inclined to wave; and so we come back to the proposition, with which we started, that Harmon Lake was indescribable.

His position was not, however, and can be told in few words; he possessed a small fortune, the right to call himself attorney-at-law, a fair amount of talent and no practice; as for his character—but the inquisitive are referred to the title above.

The other, Harold Goodwin, was his junior by five years, and his partner. Up to the time we write of, the partnership had been a *silent* one, in the fullest acceptance of the term, for as yet it had not pleased Heaven to entangle some poor wretch in the intricacies of a lawsuit, and send him through the door that bore the names Lake and Goodwin, to be disentangled. The son of a rich man and with an ample income of his own, he enjoyed life to the fullest extent after a careless, happy-go-lucky fashion of his own, thinking that the gods had been good to him—as they had, having given him a merry, handsome face, and frank manners that were irresistible.

Oil and water were, apparently, more congenial than these two; but strange to say they were firm friends, a modern and we fear prosaic Damon and Pythias. But we have digressed.

After Harold Goodwin's exclamation there was a silence until he said, "It is remarkable that they want you, but nevertheless this note must be answered; will you go?"

"No, certainly not," was the decided reply.

"Not go! That is rather rough on Bertha, and see here, you can't have the heart to disappoint all those girls!" was the bantering answer.

"Just so, but it does them good to be disappointed once in awhile." Mr. Lake lit his pipe, and calmly reopened his folio; Harold interposed by sending a ledger spinning across the room, aimed so skilfully that the next minute *Littleton* was lying in the opposite corner; Mr. Lake faced him with a resigned expression.

"Verily, the prophet was wrong when he declared there was 'nothing new under the sun!' I have it at last! Harold, thou art no philosopher, as I have hitherto thought, but an egotist," continued Harold.

"Nonsense! you know what I mean; I don't imagine for an instant they care about *me*, but I am one of the naughts that finally make the hundred—another fish in the net!" Mr. Lake's tone was both provoked and sneering.

Harold's laugh rang out clear and full.

"Simon the modern, I begin to think that you, like that proverbial child, have cause to 'dread the fire!'"

"I? nonsense! but if you know one you know all; the term 'woman' is synonymous with fool or knave, just as wit is granted or denied her. I, burn myself at such a fire! No, my boy, I have too much respect for that individual known as Harmon B. Lake," and he laughed as he rose, rather discordantly.

"Exactly, but it looks suspicious, you know. Seriously, though, Lake, your idea of women is—a—peculiar, to say the least!"

"Therefore, I keep it to myself, unless I am hard pressed."

"But why not go? Bertha, my cousin, you know, invites you particularly."

"A woman's invitation is a humbug, rattled off so carelessly that if her own words were repeated to her half an hour later she would not recognize them!"

"See here Harmon," (as the tracts say) "remember your mother!" was the half-jesting, half-serious retort.

"That's the mischief of it, my boy, I *do*. My mother was—well—she was my *mother*—if there was ever such a thing as a human Satan she was my parent. I remember how we used to slink away, Jimmy and I, into the garret or cellar, anywhere to avoid her. I am older and harder now, but I always feel a strange kind of pity for those poor little fellows, Jimmy and Harmon. Jimmy died, so did my father, and she was virtually their murderer—for my *mother's* sake I venerate and respect all women"—his voice that had been ringing out, ended in a harsh laugh as he turned on his heel, and caught up his hat.

Harold had listened to this invective with a perfectly unmoved face, but when it came to an end he laid his hand lightly on the other's arm, saying in a low tone—

"Of course it was rough on you, old fellow, but, see here! it doesn't mend matters to rail at her, does it?"

"No; there you are right—like the great Napoleon, I should 'wash my soiled linen at home.' I generally do, but to-day—however, suppose we change the subject."

Harmon Lake turned to the window, and as he ended, began to play a tattoo on the glass, an action which indicated that he was out of temper.

"Agreed! But first let us decide upon our course. After that philippic against womankind, you certainly have nothing to fear from them—they cannot cajole *you*, oh, Simon!—so why not go? The party isn't a large one, and the men are all capital fellows. Will Shore, Chester Hasbrook, and Murry Harding are going, and splendid hunters they are! Lots of game of all kinds, no end of fun, and you needn't go near the ladies. I'll protect you with my life, my son, if it becomes necessary! Now, will you go on Aunt Haversham's expedition?"

"Protect me? Nonsense!" That was the answer he got, but the upshot was, the invitations were accepted, and a short time after they left the room. As Harold paused to look the door, he looked at the plate attached to it, and said reflectively:

"My conscience always smites me when I read that—*attorney-at-law*—what frauds we are, Harmon! Here, Pips!" This to the diminutive office boy, whose only, and daily occupation, the one that absorbed him, even as his employer spoke, was playing fives with the office boy next door. "Here, Pips, take the key, and if any one of our numerous clients call tell him we were called out on important business. Emphasize important. Do you understand, my young friend?"

After a grin of acquiescence from Pips, they passed down-stairs out into the narrow sunny street, and a few days later two men, one a sunny-faced blonde, the other, dark and reserved, entered Mrs. Haversham's parlor together.

"Aunt, here is the gentleman whose acquaintance you were so anxious to make. How d'ye do, Bertha? Let me present Mr. Harmon Lake to you. My Cousin Bertha, otherwise Berthilda, Harmon! Well, aunt, wasn't that done correctly?" Harold asked, as he finished rattling off this introduction.

"No, scatterbrain! it was *not*—however, Mr. Lake knows what a giddy-pate you are, I imagine," said a pleasant-faced and rather elderly lady as she gave her hand to Harmon, who accepted it awkwardly, and muttered something indistinctly about being intimately acquainted with that "giddy-pate." Bertha also laid her little hand in his for a moment. Then the cousins moved off together to join a group of young people at the other end of the room, and Harmon Lake was left with Mrs. Haversham, who, pitying his evident embarrassment, exerted herself to put him at his ease, but like most shy men, he grew superlatively stiff, until at last Mrs. Haversham drawing his attention to a portfolio of Doré's illustrations that lay upon the table, excused herself and left the room, wondering inly what she should do with this painfully shy giant!

Finding himself alone, he recovered his equanimity sufficiently to look around him. Just as he had come to the conclusion that there were too many women for the camping-out to be a success, his name was called, and starting up, he faced Harold, who said gayly:

"As the mountain wouldn't go to Mahomet, he has come to the mountain, which shows a great deal of magnanimity on the part of Mahomet! Mr. Lake, permit me to introduce to you Miss Thorpe. *Au revoir, mes enfants!*" And with that he hurried off, and Harmon found himself face to face with a young lady, who impressed him vaguely with the idea of being all white muslin and blue ribbons.

She seated herself, and he did likewise. She began to discuss one of Doré's fantastic creations in a voice that attracted his attention at once. It was a contralto, but clear and sweet, with the least suspicion of a minor strain running through it. What she looked like he never noticed, for while he replied to her mechanically, he was inwardly busy anathematizing Harold. His purgatory came to an end, as most things in this world must arrive at a period sooner or later, and he was alone with Harold giving vent to his pent-up wrath. The only grave remark Mr. Goodwin made was put in the form of a question:

"Well! what do you think of her? Is she pretty?"

"Pretty? Really, I did not notice," was the indignant response.

"Didn't notice! My son, you are hopeless if you could talk to Jessica Thorpe five minutes without 'noticing!'"

"Noticing what?"

"Look at her next time, that's all!" There the conversation ended.

A few days later they were settled in one of the most picturesque parts of the Adirondacks. It was a real "camping-out," four large tents were pitched, cooking utensils brought up, and what was a delightful novelty, to those concerned, there were no servants. It was like a new settlement where all helped. Harold was in his element. Even Harmon began to find out that women were not such dreadful creatures after all; while the ladies on their part declared unanimously that he was "very pleasant when he thawed," (i. e. when he forgot that he was conversing with one of the genus *woman!*) and the gentlemen, using the most expressive and elastic word in their vocabulary, asserted that "Lake was a trump!"

And if being "a trump" means that the one so described is the best marksman and most skilful fisher, Mr. Lake deserved the epithet.

Jessica Thorpe avoided him, perhaps not intentionally, and he completely forgot her existence and Harold's injunction, until he came back to the camping ground alone one afternoon just at sunset. The greater portion of the party were down near the lake, and as he drew near the camp he paused to see if the coast were clear. Mrs. Haversham was setting out the tea things, while the other matrons were peeling potatoes, washing vegetables, etc., in the most matter-of-fact way. He gave an impatient exclamation, almost tempted to walk back again with his string of trout, but conquering himself, he had decided to face them boldly, when his eyes fell upon the cleared place ycleept the "kitchen," where a huge kettle was swung on a forked-stick, gypsy fashion; there by a pile of sticks that refused to do anything but smoke, stood a diminutive form, attired in gray linen, the sleeves of which were rolled up, and the front covered by a huge gingham apron; around her head was twisted a blue veil, that made a most picturesque headgear, and as she stood there with clasped hands, the smoke rising and curling above her, and the sun lighting up her fair hair until it shone like gold, Harmon Lake actually found himself admiring a *woman!* only he committed the mistake of thinking she lacked years as well as inches; after a few moments of compassionate watching, he walked over to "help the poor child," who turned a pair of eyes, big with perplexity, upon him, as he offered his assistance.

"Thank you so much, Mr. Lake! This hateful old fire will *not* burn, and I didn't want to disturb any one else, so I've been puzzling my brains over it for half an hour."

Harmon recognized the voice at once; it was Jessica Thorpe's. He didn't drop his fish, but concealing his surprise, he walked over to the woodpile, and when he returned he had decided that this Jessica could not be so very terrible, she was such a mite of a creature, with a little white face and great black eyes.

When he returned they built the fire, and as one of her little sunburnt hands touched his while they were piling up the sticks, a queer thrill shot through him that he could not account for; then, while she made coffee, he fried the fish, and they gradually drifted into a conversation, so pleasant that Mr. Harmon forgot to whom he was talking.

After that he always helped to build the fire, and from building the fire together, they at last became well acquainted, until he one day made the discovery that Jessica Thorpe was all in all to him; it was toward evening, and as he entered the camp after a long day's hunt, his eyes fell upon Jessica, among a group of young people, laughing and chatting with Chester Hasbrook; he was going to join them, but as Jessica never even looked toward him, he stalked off, grim and indignant outwardly, but inwardly his heart was aching, and he half frightened at the sudden pain, and the knowledge that it brought to him.

He stood in the gathering twilight, his face turned resolutely from her, thinking it all over, until he was startled by a voice near him—

"Have you just come back, Mr. Lake? What a long time you were away!"

It was Jessica's voice—so he said, bitterly—

"Just come; but what does it matter how long I was away? no one missed me."

Her color deepened, but the darkness hid it, as she said, with a faint laugh—

"I did."

"*You!*"

Mr. Lake's secret was told in the utterance of that one word.

"Yes—my fires never burn unless you are there to help me. I can assure you I missed you when I was half choked with smoke, and there was not the slightest suspicion of a flame!"

"So you missed me in my capacity of fire-builder? I suppose I ought to be thankful I was missed at all!" he said; then added: "We have only two more nights to build fires, and then we go back to civilization. Shall we see each other in the city? Do you go into society much?"

"Never at all; *this* is my holiday; I teach school, you know."

"Teach school! You poor child—" the words escaped him unconsciously, he hardly noticed they were said, as he went on hurriedly—"do you really have to work so hard? It—"

She interrupted, laughingly—

"It isn't hard work—and even if it was, it is something to be able to support one's self, sir!"

She was very near him, and the wind blew her white dress against his hand, and shook the perfume of violets from its folds, while the face that was raised to his was so pure and sweet, that he could be silent no longer; holding out his hand, he said, huskily—

"Jessica, will you come to me? I know I am old, and ugly, and awkward; but Jessica, I love you."

That was all, but as he ended, passionately, a hand was laid fearlessly in his, and her voice said five words very softly as he kissed her lips—

"And I love you, Harmon."

And so it came to pass, that Mr. Lake's theory, like that of many other theorists, fell to the ground at the moment that would have tested its worth or—worthlessness!

* * * * * *

"Jupiter Ammon! Support me, somebody!" was Harold's exclamation when he heard the news.

"Come, Harold, don't be a fool!" was the impatient reply.

"He calls *me* a fool."

"No, I only suggested that you should *not* be one," interrupted Mr. Lake.

Harold, unheeding the interruption, continued—

"I a fool, and, ye gods! this is the man who called women 'fools or knaves, as wit is granted or denied them!' this is the man—and yet he has the audacity to come and tell me he is 'going to be married.'"

"Laugh on, my son, I have confessed my heresy and been absolved; I recant—there is at least *one* woman as good and pure as God's angels," was the calm reply.

"A miracle—'see Benedict, the married man!' But, seriously, Harmon, old fellow, I am confoundedly glad of it! Still, you must permit me to say there is quite a tangible moral in your life and affair *de cœur!*"

"There! I won't trouble you to point it out," Harmon Lake said, lighting his meerschaum and composing himself to write.

And if there is a moral—why! "he who runs may read," for morals, like many other things in this world of ours, are much better appreciated if they are not crammed down people's throats!

EXCLUSIVENESS.

Host—"Nice party, ain't it, Major Le Spunger? 'Igh and low, rich and poor—*most* people are welcome to *this* 'ouse! This is 'Liberty 'All,' *this* is! No false pride or 'umbug about *me!* I'm a self-made man, *I* am!"

The Major—"Very nice party, indeed, Mr. Shoddy! How proud your father and mother must feel! Are *they* here?"

Host—"Well, no! 'Ang it all, you know, one *must* draw the line *somewhere!*"

IN THE HOLLOW OAK.

A STRANGE STORY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I used to think there was nothing else in the world so absurd or nonsensical as a ghost story, because I had not the slightest belief in ghosts or apparition. I think all of us change more or less in our views and belief as we go on in life, and many things which we scoff at in early days we learn to think more seriously about as we grow older, and begin to doubt the wisdom of our earlier and rasher judgment.

Perhaps there are no such things as ghosts. I am not prepared to say that there *are*, and I cannot say that there are not. Let me tell you my story. Then you can tell for yourself whether I have had good reason for revoking my early decision regarding the utter and downright absurdity of ghosts.

I was in Rome. I had been in Europe a year. I had visited all places of interest, and in a few weeks more would start for America.

It was one of the most beautiful evenings I ever knew. The sky was beautifully clear and blue. The moon shone with a silver glow over the quiet city, and touched the hills lying outside the walls with a white and lovely radiance that made them seem like a glimpse of some enchanted land. Below me and around me the houses had a strangely quiet air about them as if they had suddenly gone to sleep.

I was sitting in one of those little projecting windows which one so often sees in houses in Rome and other Italian cities. A net-work of vines clambered about it. Before me all was bright and radiant. The hour was quite late, I had stayed up to smoke a cigar or two before going to bed, and the honest Romans were, at that moment, most likely sleeping the sleep of the just. At any rate, no sound of life came floating up to my ears from any part of the city.

Suddenly I thought of Roy Grayle. Roy and I had been the best of friends in gone-by days. We had been students, together, and in after life we had kept up the friendship which school-life begun. Of all my friends, I counted Roy first. We had kept up a correspondence during my tour on the continent, and I looked forward to my meeting with him as one of the pleasantest events of my return.

At thought of him a strange sensation flashed over me. It was much the same kind of feeling that we have when we feel that some one is looking at us earnestly, and look up to meet the eyes of some person fixed steadily upon our face. It seemed to me that Roy was near me. I could feel his presence.

Suddenly the houses faded out of sight; the hills were lost in the white glory of the moonlight. Before me drifted a vapor that was strangely luminous; it floated up about my window, and gradually a shape grew out of it. It was like a shadow growing out of a shadow. I can think of no other way of describing the strange something that took shape before me, and assumed the likeness of a man. For a moment I shut my eyes, half-frightened, but as if fascinated by what I had seen I opened them again, and there before me stood Roy Grayle. His features had all the distinctness of life. I saw that there were traces of pain in the pale and ghastly face.

"Roy!" I cried.

"Yes, I am Roy," he answered, and his voice had a strange, far-off sound in it. "I am here to tell you to look in the hollow oak at Densmere. There you will find proof of who has done this;" and as he spoke he lifted his hand and pointed to what I had not seen before, a gaping, bleeding wound in his breast.

And then there came a sound like the rustling of the wind, and the figure grew dim, and dimmer, and was gone.

Had I been dreaming? I shook myself. I got up and walked about. I was as wide awake as ever I was in my life. If I had not been dreaming, what was it I had seen?

A month later I started for America. Two weeks of pleasant sailing brought the shores of home in sight.

The first person I met, as I stepped ashore, was Carl Devereux. He gave me a cordial hand-shaking, and calling a cab, we got into it and rode toward the hotel where I always stopped when in town.

"Have you heard that terrible story about Roy Grayle's being murdered?" asked Carl, suddenly.

"Was it on the 25th of June?" I asked, "and did it happen at Densmere?"

"Yes," he answered. "They wrote to you about it, I see. I thought perhaps you might not have heard of it."

"I have not," I said; and then I told him what I had seen. He heard my story with a strange, awed look in his face.

"Percival," he said, when I had finished, "I will go up to Densmere with you to-morrow, and search for the 'hollow oak,' this ghostly visitant of yours told you about. Why shouldn't there be as much reason to put confidence in that part of the strange story, as in any of it?"

"I will go," I answered.

And on the morrow we went up to Densmere, where Roy Grayle had been spending the summer when he was murdered by some person of whom no clue had ever been obtained. The sad event had broken up the company that had been gathered there, and it had scattered to the four winds of Heaven.

We went up to the house, and Mr. Grosvenor gave us a cordial welcome. When I told my story, and why we were there, his face wore a puzzled, half-incredulous expression.

"I don't understand it," he said. "It has too much of the supernatural about it for me to comprehend it readily. However, we can look for the 'hollow oak' you speak about. I am not aware that there is an oak-tree on the premises. There may be, however. I have but little faith in finding anything, probably because I have so little faith in any kind of ghost-stories and spiritual manifestations."

We set out on our search. The beeches grew thick and tall, on all sides, but no oak-trees.

"I am afraid your ghost was drawing on his imagination when he spoke of an oak tree," said Mr. Grosvenor.

"Isn't that an oak leaf?" cried Percival, stooping and picking up a leaf. Sure enough it was.

Looking up, we saw a gnarled, crooked limb projecting over our heads from a thicket of young beeches. The top of the oak had been broken off years before, and only this one branch remained.

I dashed into the thicket. There was the body of a great oak tree, and about four feet from its roots, *a hollow large enough for the insertion of a man's arm.*

I never was more excited in my life, and yet, outwardly, I was cool and composed. I thrust my arm into the aperture, and drew out a knife and a piece of paper. I opened the paper and read:

"Roy Grayle, Esq.

"Dear Sir—Hearing that you were stopping at Densmere, I take the liberty of addressing you, and asking if a person calling himself Manuel Garcia, and claiming to be a Garcia of the New Orleans family of that name, is stopping there. If he is, beware of him. He is an impostor, a gambler, and a villain that would not for a moment be tolerated in the society into which he has thrust himself. If you have any doubts of the truth of my story, write to Sebastian Garcia, 27 Rue de Annuncion, New Orleans, and he will tell you that the man who has borrowed an old and honorable name is a liar and a villain, who would no sooner show his face in New Orleans than he would dare to enter a lion's den. The latter place would be the safer of the two. I have kept track of this man, whose name is Gonzales Duprez, for years, and he cannot hide himself away from me under the cloak of a false name. Ask him if he remembers Marie St. Mary, and call him Duprez, and see if he will not turn pale with fear and guilt."

"I see how it must have been," said Grosvenor, after I had read the letter to them. "Roy Grayle had been to the village for letters, and was returning when he was murdered. That much we know. He must have received this letter. Probably he met the man who had foisted himself off upon us as Manuel Garcia, and charged him with being an impostor. To save himself from detection and exposure, Garcia killed him, secured the letter, and concealed it with the knife with which he stabbed his victim. It is strange, but not one of us ever suspected Garcia of the murder. Not so strange, either, for we knew of no quarrel between him and Grayle. They had always seemed on good terms."

Two days after that we started for the place where we heard Garcia *alias* Duprez was staying, taking an officer with us.

We found him lounging on the steps of the hotel.

"Manuel Garcia, otherwise Gonzales Duprez, I arrest you for the murder of Roy Grayle," said the officer, going directly up to him, and putting his hand on his shoulder. "You are my prisoner."

Garcia turned ghastly pale. He strove to speak, but fear seemed to have paralyzed his tongue.

"Don't deny it," said the officer. "We have the proofs. We found them in the hollow oak."

Garcia made a full confession of his guilt, when he learned how he had been brought to justice. His Spanish superstition was strong, and the idea of a ghostly witness against him frightened the truth from him.

If not a ghost, *what was it?*

The Slanderous Tongue.

The tongue of slander is never tired. In one way or another it manages to keep itself in constant employment. Sometimes it drips honey, and sometimes gall. It is bitter now and then sweet. It insinuates, or assails directly, according to the circumstances. It will hide a curse under a smooth word, and administer poison in the phrase of love. Like death, it "loves a shining mark." And it is never so available and eloquent as when it can blight the hopes of the noble-minded, soil the reputation of the pure, and break down or destroy the character of the brave and strong. What pleasure man or woman can find in such work we have never been able to see. And yet there is pleasure of some sort in it to multitudes, or they would not betake themselves to it. Some passion of soul or body must be gratified by it. But no soul in high estate can take delight in it. It indicates lapse, tendency toward chaos, utter depravity. It proves that somewhere in the soul there is weakness, waste, evil nature. Education and refinement are no proof against it. They often serve only to polish the slanderous tongue, increase its tact, and give it suppleness and strategy.

☞ Nobility of mind is more honorable than nobility of birth.

☞ Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health seldom; waste of time never.

☞ Frankness.—Be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do just what is right. If a friend ask you a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if it is not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind.

Answers to Correspondents.

Pay Your Postage.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

H. W. R., (Brownsville, Pa.,) writes: "Would it be inconsistent with your interest to publish, for the gratification of an old subscriber, a little poem of Alice Cary's, entitled, I think, 'Nearer Home?' If you can do so I will thank you." The poem of which our correspondent gives one stanza, was not written by Alice, but by Phœbe Cary. As it is not long, and is certainly one of the sweetest poems left by its talented writer, we subjoin it here:—

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer home to-day,
Than I ever was before.

"Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be
Nearer the great White Throne,
Nearer the crystal sea.

"Nearer the bounds of life
Where we lay our burden down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown.

"But lying dark between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and shadowy stream
That bursts at last into light.

"Father, perfect my love,
Strengthen the might of my faith,
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death.

"Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping down on the brink,
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer than I think."

Gamrew, (Fort Totten, D. T.,) says: "1st. What is the meaning of the expression, 'Nature abhors a vacuum?' 2d. (New) What is your opinion of my handwriting?" 1st. That was the old mode of expressing the facts connected with the expansion of gases. The chemistry of the alchemists was very far from being one of the exact sciences, and they were quite apt to consider a fact explained when they had given it a mythical expression. They knew something concerning the properties of gases, particularly their rapid expansion into every vacuum as soon as an aperture was made. Seeking to account for the force thus manifested, they found it in nature's abhorrence of a vacuum. Modern scientists ascribe it to the pressure and constant movement of the particles of gases. 2d. You write a very good hand, which is a somewhat rare answer to this question.

Dot, (Glenbrook, Cal.,) asks: "How is the word Shah pronounced, and what is the meaning of Derby?" It is pronounced just as written, with the English sound of the letters. Persians may possibly have a different way of pronouncing it, but if so their pronunciation has not been adopted elsewhere. The Derby is the name of a celebrated English horse-race, held annually at the town of Epsom, a few miles from London. It was founded by the Earl of Derby, in the last century, and has been kept up ever since, being so popular as to attract an immense throng of spectators, of every position and rank. Derby is pronounced Darby in England.

Constance, (Philadelphia,) asks: "Will you be kind enough to answer the following questions: 1st. Who and what was Bayard? 2d. Who was Ninon de l'Enclos? Was she celebrated for her beauty? 3d. What are the following lines a quotation from—

'Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch around a throne,
And hands obey,—our hearts are still our own?'

4th. What do you think of my writing?" 1st. Pierre du Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard, was born in Dauphine, France, in 1476. He became celebrated for his courage, military skill and courteous and generous spirit. He has ever been looked upon as the flower of the institution of knighthood, the man in whom the principle governing this institution was most fully realized. He is known in history as the "Good knight without fear and without reproach." Ninon de L'Enclos was a celebrated beauty, born in Paris in 1618. She was not very exemplary in her behavior, but by her beauty, taste, and exquisite grace of manner, succeeded in obtaining toleration in Parisian society during a long life. It is said that she was so heartless, that she entirely separated herself from her two children, so that her son, when grown to manhood, failed to know his mother, and fell in love with her along with the rest of the Parisians. On learning how she was related to him, he committed suicide in his despair. 3d. The lines are not familiar to us. We must call on some of our readers for the authorship, if any one can furnish it. 4th. Your handwriting is very peculiar. It needs to be reduced to at least half its size, and the letters to be formed with more care.

M. D. L., (Coos, N. H.,) asks: "Please tell us what is the situation and present government of San Domingo? How is it governed, and by whom? I am interested in the questions, and think I get much information from the answers given." San Domingo is a government comprising part of the island of Hayti. It occupies the eastern or Spanish portion. It has a republican form of government, modified by revolutions. President Baez at present holds the reins of government, and has done so for several years, but there are, just now, revolutionary indications in the political atmosphere of San Domingo.

P. S., (Philadelphia,) asks: "Will you please answer the following questions? 1st. Who was Shakspeare, and how did he spell his name? 2d. What is meant by 'Dido est dux?' 3d. Is Knowne derived from the Greek? 4th. Who is the author of the line, 'Mind is the light reflected from the soul?' 5th. Is Max Adeler of Indian origin? 6th. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. Shakspeare was a celebrated English dramatist, who wrote during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and who is acknowledged by all English-speaking people, and by many of other nations, to be the greatest poetical genius which the world has ever produced. The name is usually spelt as we have given it, though there are several different spellings extant, and he himself spelt it in different ways on different occasions. 2d. It is a pun on "Dido et dux," which, translated, means "Dido and the chief." Dido was the Queen of Carthage, and is the heroine of Virgil's celebrated poem. 3d. We do not know the derivation. The diphthong points to a Greek or Latin origin. 4th. The line is not familiar to us. 5th. We have never seen his genealogy, and his epitaph is not yet written, so we cannot give you his nativity from the one, nor his virtues from the other. It is our private opinion that his remote ancestor was a Feejee Islander. If we are wrong we hope he will correct us. 6th. Your writing is passable.

G. S. D., (Sharon, Pa.,) writes: "1st. I am a drug clerk. I am ill, my health is not good, and long hours in the store do not improve it. I am thinking of going to sea. I have been across the ocean once and I never enjoyed better health than when at sea. Is there any situation in a steamboat that I could fill where the work is light? 2d. Would it be right for me to go when the one I love, and to whom I am engaged, wishes me to stay and take another place with shorter hours? 3d. How is my handwriting?" 1st. There are probably such places, but they would not be easily procured by a person without influence, and not versed in the requisite duties. 2d. Her wishes should have some influence with you, particularly if they seem reasonable to yourself. Of course it is to both your advantages if you can better your condition in life. 3d. It is a good hand.

I. K. E., (Kenton, O.,) asks: "Can you give me the address of a firm in Sandusky, Cleveland or Toledo, where rowboats can be bought? A firm in Sandusky would be preferable. Can you give me a recipe for keeping fruit without boiling or canning it?" We are entirely unacquainted with the names of any parties in this business in the cities mentioned. You had better address a letter to some person in one or the other of these places, requesting the information desired. A polite request if even to a stranger would probably bring a satisfactory reply. We know no other means of keeping fruit. Canning, preserving with sugar, or candying, are the only modes in use to our knowledge.

Western Wilds writes: "I have seen, for such a long time, how promptly you reply to all questions, that, at last, I concluded to trouble you with some for myself. I am a constant reader of the Post, and the only objection I have to it is that it is not a tri-weekly. 1st. Are there any mutes who are not deaf? 2d. In your opinion which is the best, and the next best, of Miss Evans's works? 3d. Will 'Ever My Queen' be published in book form? 4th. Who are the authors of 'Beverly,' and 'Rutledge?' 5th. Was it not Clarence who was drowned in a butt of Malmsey in the Tower of London, and what title of nobility did he possess?" 1st. Yes. Deaf mutes usually have perfect organs of speech, but their lack of hearing prevents their being taught to speak. But the vocal organs may be injured, or may be naturally imperfect, without any corresponding defect in hearing. 2d. We do not know which Miss Evans you refer to. There are two novelists of that name. 3d. We cannot say at present. 4th. Rutledge was written, we believe, by Miss Miriam Coles. We do not remember the name of the author of Beverly, and have not the work at hand. 5th. There is no historical evidence in support of this tradition, and probably no truth in it. He ranked as Duke of Clarence, and was the brother of Richard III.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]